March 9, 1918 5 Cts.

Every Week

Beware the Exhaust Gas Leakage

By J. B. HUBER, A.M., M.D.

HERE is a true story with a moral. Four workmen, very weak by reason of fasting, sought shelter from the Norwegian cold in the small cabin of a motor-boat. All were found later in a sitting position, yet unconscious, ice cold, their arms rigid and pressed against their bodies, their jaws closed tight. The *risus sardonicus* (demoniac smile) that goes with lockjaw was upon their faces. The *rigor mortis* (stiffness of death) was upon them. And yet, they were not dead. Under artificial respiration and the administration of massage, heat to their bodies, and stimulation, all were restored in the course of a few hours, though considerably the worse for the experience.

A READER asked Dr. Huber to discuss the subject of "Dreams" in this column. And in a week or two the article will appear. What subject is there in the field of medical science that most interests you? Dr. Huber is yours to command.

A seat built in entirely around the edge of the cabin formed a close space into which the exhaust gas from the motor leaked. Dr. F. Harbitz, of Christiania, who relates this incident, has described also several other cases of poisoning from leakage of exhaust gas. In one of these a young and healthy athlete went into the cabin of a motor-boat and shut the door. In half an hour his companions, breaking in, found him dead. An examination of his blood revealed coal-gas poisoning. The motor on the boat was defective; the exhaust gas contained an unusual amount of CO.

Again, Dr. Kildal, a friend of Dr. Harbitz, spent the night in his motor-boat, a covered and fairly air-tight craft in which was a gasoline engine and a portable heater. The latter was lighted for an hour and a half. In the morning his engineer felt headachy and nauseated, and found the doctor stiff and cold, his blood showing the CO poisoning due to the exhaust gas.

Dr. Harbitz himself once felt these symptoms while waiting in his garage for his automobile engine to heat up.

A rat exposed closely to the exhaust gas died. CO, by the way, has a distinct tendency to rise.

Women seem more resistant to this kind of poisoning than men. In 360 cases of coal-gas poisoning in Paris, a man and his wife were affected together in nineteen cases, and the three survivors were all women. Women evidently hold out longer because their need for oxygen is less than that of men.

Obesity and Its Vicious Circles

THE English physician Hurry, in the *Practitioner*, shows how fatness results from long-continued excess in the amount of food consumed over that which is metabolized. By "metabolize" we mean the conversion of the oxygen we breathe, plus food-stuffs, into our flesh and blood, our bodily heat, and the energy we manifest.

Such excess may be the result of too much food with a normal metabolism; or because of a normal amount of food with a metabolism that is not in good working order; or on account of both these unhealthful conditions combined.

When stoutness becomes severe, almost every bodily function is affected. And, because of the many vicious circles that form, we have to deal with a self-perpetuating and self-aggravating malady which all too often ends fatally.

For instance: A heart and blood circulation overtaxed by obesity mean bodily inactivity—which in its turn tends to increase the obesity. Hardening of the arteries and chronic kidney disease (Bright's) are frequent complications of obesity; in time they recoil on the heart and eventually on the obesity. Again, obesity tends to prevent the proper expansion and aëration of the lungs, which leads in time to pulmonary disease; which later induces deficient supply of oxygen, the very breath of life.

Next is affected the circulation, which, in its turn, brings about diminished metabolism; and so we get back, in the vicious circle, to obesity. In like manner is obesity related to digestive, nervous, muscular, joint, and skin diseases.

Hygiene

A VISITOR, seeing on the hall table of a rural school a solitary tooth-brush in a glass, asked the teacher what that brush was for, says the *Outlook*. "Oh," replied the teacher, "we are so interested in hygiene here that we make every child brush his teeth when he comes to school each morning."

This is the Place Where—

IT was in St. John's Church, which still stands in Richmond, that Patrick Henry made the speech that so long inspired school-boy orators on recitation day. We asked several of our friends what they knew about Patrick Henry, and they all said, "Why, he's the man who said—" And when they had finished quoting they were done. None of them knew that the young Virginian, who came of good Scotch and Welsh stock, won success after much failure; that he had twice shown his lack of ability to run a store, and that he was no better as a farmer, and that it was only when he found himself insolvent after the second storekeeping venture that he turned to the law, where he won fame and power.

Photograph from L. M. Webb.

He led the fight in Virginia for the rights of the colonies. It was at the second Revolutionary convention of Virginia, held in the spring of 1775, that, speaking for a resolution providing for the defense of the colony, he said: "I know not what course others may pursue, but as for me—" And every red-blooded American knows the rest of the phrase.

There are Always a Lot of Folks Who Want to Leave at the End of the Second Act

THE war has about reached the end of the second act and all over the house you may see men pulling out their watches and shuffling their feet.

"What's the use of going through with it?" they ask. "Let's call it off. No peace could be so bad as a continuation of this awful struggle. Let's leave and get back to our homes."

I have been interested in noting how true human nature runs to form—how every single war has developed the same cry at about the same hour.

The half century that has elapsed since the Civil War has thrown a sort of glorious mistiness about it.

We look back, and see only a united people, their teeth set, determined to save the Union at whatever cost.

As a matter of hard, unpleasant fact, more than half of the Congressmen elected from Ohio in 1862 were pledged to an immediate peace.

Pennsylvania, New York, and Connecticut all had Congressmen elected on the same issue.

And it is the deliberate judgment of historians that these men who were for bringing peace immediately did, by their influence, actually *postpone* the coming of peace.

The following quotations sound as if they might have been clipped from pacifists' newspapers of yesterday:

> This is a "wicked, cruel, and unnecessary war."
>
> "If the Administration had wished, the war could have been honorably terminated months ago."
>
> It is "a war for the purpose of crushing our liberty and erecting a despotism."

They are quotations from an influential Ohio gentleman named Vallandigham, who as late as 1864, when the end was almost in sight, denounced Lincoln for needlessly prolonging the war.

So influential was he that, when Burnside put him in jail, Republicans all over the North protested, and it looked as if Lincoln might lose his renomination.

In war-weary days like these it becomes doubly necessary to take the long view. Two thoughts have seemed to me helpful:

First, it seems clear that somehow, in the purpose of God, it is necessary that the righting of great wrongs in the world should come, not easily or quickly, but only at the purchase price of great sacrifice.

> At the end of three years' struggle, the nation's condition is not what either party, or any man, devised or expected [said Lincoln]. God alone can claim it. Whither it is tending seems plain. If God now wills the removal of a great wrong, and wills also that we of the North, as well as you of the South, should pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong, impartial history will find therein new cause to attest and revere the justice and goodness of God.

Second, I am more willing day by day to believe that those who are governing this nation are as humane and peace-loving as I am—and a great deal wiser.

I talked yesterday with a man who crossed with Colonel House from the Paris Conference.

"Believe this," said my friend: "that those who are on the inside have consciences just as tender as yours. They aren't sending a million men across the ocean to face death without knowing why and for what. And there isn't a night that they don't go down on their knees to pray for an honorable way out."

"Many spoil much good work for the lack of a little more." This was Harriman's favorite maxim.

To the imperishable glory of our fathers it can be said that, grumble though they did, they still reelected Lincoln and saw the thing through.

Our call is to show ourselves worthy of our sires.

Bruce Barton, Editor.

Jenny Lind is only a memory, but the voice of Melba can never die

Two voices of finest, purest gold.

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The other lives for all time.

There was no Victrola to capture the fleeting beauties of Jenny Lind.

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Victor Supremacy

THE MOST INTERESTING MAN I KNOW

Commander of the Fighting 165th

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

Photograph by Paul Thompson

He rode out of town in a caboose, to come back in his private car.

HIS name is Hine, and he is the Colonel commanding one of the most famous of American fighting regiments—the 165th. In other days this was the Sixty-ninth New York, and it had a fighting record running brilliantly through both the Civil War and our difficulties with Spain some twenty years ago.

The Sixty-ninth was chosen to be the first of the New York regiments overseas. It was sent to Camp Mills at Mineola, reorganized and enlarged in accordance with Federal standards, and a new commander, a West Point Graduate, appointed to it: Charles Delano Hine—the most interesting man I know.

Hine came out of West Point in the class of '91. For four years after that he found himself growing more and more discontented with the humdrum life of the army in peace years. Finally, when he was still a lieutenant, he resigned from the army and entered upon the practice of law. A little later he was back in the army. The nation was at war, and Hine was in the thick of the fight. And when, after a few short months, it was all over, he found himself a major. It looked as if there were an easy path ahead for him in army service. But he was not looking for easy pathways. A difficult job, but one with possibilities, was what he wanted.

Railroading appealed to him. Some men of his rank might have haunted the general offices of the big railroads. Hine did not. He entered the railroad service at the bottom—as a brakeman on a freight.

People in Cincinnati who knew him were both amused and astonished. They saw Hine ride out from the town on a caboose, and a few years later they saw him ride in again in his private car. For the army man rose both steadily and rapidly in railroad ranks.

He devised a system of railroad organization, modeled largely on army organization, that was put into effect by many of the larger roads in the West. He became an authority on railroad organization. Finally the Southern Pacific asked him to take the vice-presidency of its Mexican lines. He accepted the job—with a proviso. If the nation were again at war, he was to be relieved.

Last year, when war was declared, he was among the first to offer himself. His practical business training, plus his army education, made him an almost invaluable man. The recognition of that came in his appointment to command what is probably the most distinguished infantry regiment organized since the beginning of the war. Hine is the soldier once again. Yet he has never ceased to be the man.

One day a man came limping into his headquarters tent at Mineola. He had walked all the way from New York—twenty-two miles—to enlist. A young subaltern officer had told him that he would have to go back to New York—to the recruiting office in the Sixty-ninth's old armory.

"Why can't we enlist him here?" asked Colonel Hine.

The subaltern told him that it could not be done—there was no recruiting officer at Mineola.

"Yes, there is," laughed Hine; "I appoint you one. You see that this man gets the biggest dinner he can hold, and then swear him in."

And that night the man slept billeted under the tented camp of the 165th.

This, then, is Hine, the restless, energetic Virginian who is in the first place a real soldier, in the second a skilled lawyer, in the third a capable and immensely successful railroader, and in the fourth—a very human and likable man. Incidentally he has written two books and they are bully books indeed. His versatility is wide, his appetite for hard work insatiable.

Friend of the Tired Business Man—*By* PHILIP CURTISS

ONE of the first hardships of the great war was the immediate embargo on Viennese operettas—an act by which the Teuton composers expected at once to bring the tired business man to his knees. Little, however, did they reckon with American genius and American methods of standardization; for three days after Austria had declared war on England, Jerome D. Kern, who was already known as "the Henry Ford of musical comedy," mobilized himself in Bronxville, and began to turn out popular airs faster than the German bands could murder them. In two years he wrote the music for eight thirty-knot high-speed shows for this country, and one for our Allies. At the present moment fifteen of his shows are running in the United States.

When I explain that Jerome Kern wrote the music for "Very Good, Eddie," "The Girl from Utah," "Nobody Home," "Love o' Mike," "Have a Heart," "Oh Boy," and "Leave It to Jane," all in two years, one may realize what makes him interesting, not to say appalling.

There is a pretty story on Broadway that Jerry Kern began his musical education by sweeping out the publishing house in which he is now a partner; but this is a base canard, for you have only to see his desk to realize that he never swept out anything. He works on specially printed music paper in pads that bear the legend: "Do not throw this sheet away. May be worth a lot some day."

Among popular composers, Jerry Kern has the unique distinction of not having the reputation that he can only play with one finger. He can play with both hands and work the clutch with his feet, for he spent some years under long-haired masters.

Even before that, however, he was a composer; for at the age of fifteen he wrote a song for the class of 1900 at the Newark High School, which song became a favorite of the late Charles Frohman, who induced Sir Arthur Pinero to write new words for it. In these hands it became "Mind the Paint," around which was written the play of similar name for Miss Billie Burke. A fellow student wrote the original words, "We love Thee, Alma Mater," but Frohman didn't like those as well.

"His favorite amusement is writing music; his hobbies are old books (not, however, for musical comedies), old furniture, and old friends; and his ambition is to live in the "real country" (in contradistinction from Bronxville) where he can raise horses and dogs.

Note from Mr. Kern: "Here are the two ghastly libels. The one in the middle is me."

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LEAVING SCHOOL AT FOURTEEN

By BURTON J. HENDRICK

WHAT FOUR YEARS IN SCHOOL PAID
WAGES OF TWO GROUPS BROOKLYN CITIZENS
TOTAL SALARY 11 YEARS' SCHOOL
TOTAL SALARY 7 YEARS
IT PAYS TO CONTINUE YOUR STUDIES
WHAT INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION PAID 215 BOYS
NOTE THAT THE TECHNICAL-SCHOOL STUDENTS SURPASS THE SHOP-TRAINED BOYS FROM THE BEGINNING, AND AT 25 YEARS OF AGE ARE RECEIVING $600 PER YEAR HIGHER SALARY.
DISTINGUISHED MEN OF AMERICA AND THEIR EDUCATION
WITH NO SCHOOLING
WITH ELEMENTARY SCHOOLING
WITH HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION
WITH COLLEGE EDUCATION
THE CHILD WITH NO SCHOOLING HAS ONE CHANCE IN 1500 OF BECOMING DISTINGUISHED
WITH ELEMENTARY EDUCATION HE HAS FOUR TIMES THAT CHANCE
WITH HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION HE TAKES THE CHANCE
WITH COLLEGE EDUCATION AND THUS HAS THE CHANCE
WHAT IS YOUR CHILD'S CHANCE?

From "The Money Value of Education," published by the United States Bureau of Education.

"WHY should I waste any more days in school," asks the boy, "when I could be earning a dollar a day?"

And the answer is: "Because if you do stay in school your days will be worth three, four, or ten times as many dollars a day as they would be if you quit now."

The money value of education is no longer a matter of conjecture: it has been proved. Every added year of schooling means a definite, measurable increase in earning power. THE EDITOR

SOME time ago I spent an afternoon with the head of one of our great American technical institutions. The most vivid memory of my visit is of a pile of letters, nearly a foot high, lying on his desk. The president was fingering them uneasily and almost despairingly.

"Do you know what these letters are?" he asked. "They are merely the accumulation of three or four days. They come from great manufacturing concerns asking me to send them boys from this school. I am utterly unable to meet their requests. For every electrical or mechanical engineer we can turn out there are a dozen or so jobs waiting. It is simply impossible to train men technically fast enough to supply the demands of manufacturers. This is true not only of this school, but of every one like it in the country. Any young man who has a good ground-work in electricity and mechanics is assured of a living from the day he graduates. The majority are sure of very good living indeed."

This experience was certainly a vivid lesson in the growing importance of the trained man—which is only another word for the educated man. The war has dramatically opened the eyes of the public to the value of education.

For the last fifty years the United States has been building up a huge educational plant. We have the older conservative institutions, like Yale and Harvard; the State universities, agricultural colleges, technical schools, and the like. Other countries may have older and even finer educational institutions; certainly in none is education so widely distributed, so much the property of the every-day boy and girl. This great educational plant has grown up in face of much opposition. Practical business men have sneered at the "theorists" turned out by our colleges. The whole nation, too much captivated by certain historic examples, such as Lincoln, have wondered whether the enormous sums spent have been worth while.

Then war breaks out, calling for the greatest talent and the finest resources of our people; and what do we find? Simply that the colleges and technical schools have become the backbone of our military preparations. Young men ambitious for officers' commissions suddenly find that war has become so much an intellectual game, demanding a considerable knowledge of the higher mathematics and other matters commonly regarded as "frills," that a college education or "its equivalent" is almost indispensable to success. The army decides to build up a great aviation service: every candidate has to spend eight weeks at a university to obtain the necessary ground-work. And so on.

If you visit a great technical school like the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to-day, you will find that it has been changed into a military school. There are more men in khaki than in citizens' clothes. Gloucester sailors are learning the arts of navigation from neatly groomed Harvard professors, in order to qualify for the new merchant marine; while artillerymen, aviators, and members of other branches of the service are being prepared for service at the front.

Popular Education the Barometer of Progress

APPARENTLY the trained man is now coming into his own. And the Department of Education at Washington has taken this occasion to publish a large amount of laboriously collected data on "The Money Value of Education." This seems at first rather a low plane on which to rest the question; but it is the one that makes the most direct appeal. Who are the boys and girls who succeed in life? Are they those who leave school at fourteen, or those who go beyond the grammar grades? What is a high-school education worth? Do college graduates make more money than high-school graduates? For the first time, we can give a definite answer to these questions; and the answers have a pertinent interest for every boy and girl in the United States.

As a general statement, it seems safe to say that popular education is the barometer of social and political progress all over the world. Take a map of the world, and mark out the countries that are most prosperous and advanced and those that are backward. There is apparently no exception to the rule that the extent of popular education also determines the extent to which these nations are the most successful.

On one hand, Spain, Mexico, China, Turkey—places where public schools, as we understand them, do not exist. On the other, England, France, the United States, Germany—countries in which popular education is the universal rule. Which nations count for most in the world, the first group or the second?

Take the showing that they have made in the present war. Among the Germanic peoples it is the German Empire, which educates all its citizens, that has proved the backbone of the alliance. Austria, which has no such universal system, and Bulgaria and Turkey, which have little popular education, have done little more than furnish cannon food for the use of the German general staff.

On the side of the Entente, the nations have proved strong and able almost precisely in proportion to the extent to which they educate their common peoples. England and France have held back the Prussian armies from world domination. Italy, whose public school system is not so well developed, has shown considerable weakness. Rumania, which has little popular education, is in despair.

Of the Allies outside of Europe, the United States, where education is universal, is bringing enormous support to the cause of civilization; while the South American countries, Spain, and other powers that pay little attention to schooling their young, are doing comparatively little. In our own country, the States that are regarded as most progressive, and that make the greatest contributions to the nation's wealth and character, are invariably the ones that insist on educating their children. The Bureau of Education presents, as contrasts, Massachusetts and Tennessee, California and Texas. Massachusetts gives its citizens an average of seven years' schooling, while Tennessee is satisfied with three. The citizens of Massachusetts produce $260 per capita per year; the citizens of Tennessee $116. California is a newer State than Texas, and probably has no greater natural resources; yet it possesses $4,000,000,000 of wealth, while Texas has $2,836,000,000. The fact that California spends two or three times as much on the schooling of her children may partly explain this discrepancy.

In many families, hard pressed for ready money, the critical question usually arises when the boy reaches his fourteenth year. Hasn't he had education enough? He knows how to read and write, and can spell fairly well—why should he go up and study algebra and Latin, perhaps French or German? He has become a burden upon his family; isn't it time for him to go to work? The corner groceryman will give him a job driving the delivery wagon; the local factory is ready to absorb him into its machine; possibly he may join the white-collar squad and get a place back of the ribbon-counter.

The Cost of Leaving School Too Soon

MR. CLAXTON'S department has made a particular study of this great practical problem. As a result, it can now answer the question in the way that is most appealing: it tells us precisely what is the cost, in a financial sense, of leaving school at fourteen.

For example: there are 709 workers in certain Massachusetts factories; part of them left school at fourteen, while the rest did not make the break until they had reached their eighteenth year. The boys who left school at fourteen averaged $300 in wages the first year. After they had worked four years—when they had reached their eighteenth birthday—their earnings had increased to $375.

Meanwhile, their associates had spent the intervening four years unproductively at school: while the industrious first group

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CHRIST AMONG THE RUINS

© Paul Thompson

THESE *broken walls of a great cathedral, with the solitary figure on the crucifix hanging black against the sky, seem like a symbol of northern France to-day.*

An American who traveled through this district, Burris A. Jenkins, tells, in "Facing the Hindenburg Line" (Revell Company), of driving along screened roads, living with mulling, and seeing one cathedral after another stripped and smashed and burned as if a troop of savages had just gone by.

The Champagne country was still almost untouched.

"I said to one Frenchman, 'This is a beautiful country. It is worth fighting for.'

"I never heard a man speak with deeper conviction than when he replied:

"'Oh, yes! France has everything heart can desire. It is washed by three seas. It has the cool north and the warm south, mountain and plain. It has rainy, light, and rain; the best wines in the world. It knows how to live, to create literature, music, art; it loves the beautiful.

"'Yes, it is worth fighting for.'"

What's Happening in Germany?

By GEORGE MARTIN

DO you ever stop to wonder how they're getting along over there in Germany? The folks, I mean, like you and me. The men and women and boys and girls who climb out of bed in the morning, and go down to work or school or the office, or stay home to get the meals and brighten up the house.

Let them speak for themselves:

"I bought a chemise for $1.75 the other day," wrote a little working-girl to a Berlin daily, "and when I put it in the wash it became suddenly invisible. I discovered it later in the form of indefinable fragments adhering to the bottom of the vessel. I bought it for cloth, and it was paper."

Paper clothes? Yes, indeed. A group of Vienna laborers welcomed with shouts of joy the Commerce Ministry's announcement that "a paper shirt has been invented which can be washed twelve times."

The answer, of course, is that Germany is short of cloth-stuff. How short, you may guess from the government order confiscating all table-cloths in the empire.

On the somber side of the shield we find this letter from a Vienna man to his daily:

"I protest against the custom of burying the dead in their best. At a time when it is so difficult for the living to provide themselves with the necessary clothing and shoes, all high-minded people should provide by will that they be buried in a paper shirt only."

The suggestion was adopted by Vienna undertakers, who triumphantly advertise "a paper shroud almost indistinguishable from cloth."

Shoes are made of hay, straw, paper, and wood. Only soldiers get any leather in their foot-gear. Price for the best hay, paper, and wood variety, $6 a pair. As for quality, "the proprietress of a Vienna shop was prosecuted for selling a pair of these shoes which fell to pieces after an hour's wear."

The amount of clothing, even down to handkerchiefs, that every man, woman, child, and baby in the empire may possess is stipulated by law. They don't have to own that much—and few of them do; but it's a criminal offense to own more.

Furs are so scarce that it's against the law for a citizen to slaughter any animal, especially a pig, until it has celebrated a certain number of birthdays and has a government permit to die. Prevention of the "secret slaughtering" of pigs by private citizens seeking a square meal is one of the toughest jobs the Kaiser's home guard has to contend with.

And the Teuton outlook is cold and dark in more ways than one. The government has torn out and seized all light, gas, and heat fixtures in all but two rooms and the kitchen of every house. There is no heat in movies, trains, or street-cars. It has yanked off one hundred million metal door and window fastenings, and all stove doors, and sent them whining over No Man's Land as bullets. The same thing has happened to all copper, brass, and bronze.

One of the coal conservation regulations provides that "it shall constitute a criminal offense for any person to use hot water for a bath more than once a week." German small boys are said to have indorsed this ruling.

It is practically impossible to get darning or knitting supplies. In the matter of socks and stockings this has resulted in government establishment of "sock mills, where three old stockings or four old socks will be reknit free into one whole pair of either."

The Teuton men are having a lot of misery over their tobacco—or, rather, over their tobacco substitutes; for there is practically no tobacco for private citizens. One Vienna man tried his own combination of coles-foot and wood-sorrel. It tasted all right, but—well, it made his teeth fall out. A blend of beech, strawberry, and rose leaves seems to be about the best they can do. More than one woman and many men have gone to the hospital as a result of inhaling the smoke of blackberry leaves. Hop leaves were found to be an excellent substitute, and the Teutons were full of them until the government learned of it and clapped a tobacco tax on hops.

As for food substitutes, that's another story. It may be said, however, that of the 10,000 substitute articles placed on the Austro-German market since the war began, 7,000 of them were food substitutes. "I haven't," wrote a Berlin housewife in her favorite paper, "seen an egg in weeks." Not even the Germans, it seems, have been able to imitate an egg.

How to Escape Being Gassed

© Committee on Public Information, from Central News Photo Service

These are United States Marines practising with hand grenades in one of the French training camps. It is drummed into every man that he must not take off his gas helmet until an officer gives the command and is seen to take off his own.

POISON gas is now an acknowledged weapon of warfare, says Captain F. Hawes Elliott in *Trench Fighting* (Houghton, Mifflin Company), and a very exact science of attack and defense has grown up around its use.

Every soldier is equipped with two helmets, made of a double thickness of wool saturated with chemicals that absorb gas. They have gas eye-pieces screwed into flannel, and a tube valve through which to exhale.

Helmets should be examined twice a day to make sure that the valve, screw threads, and material are all sound. Even needle holes, says Captain Elliott, should be filled with thread or fabric.

A modern substitute for helmets is the box respirator. This protects against all gases in common use. "In the box are layers of different substances to neutralize different gases."

A mask impervious to gas and air fits tightly over the face. It is connected by a tube with the box containing the neutralizers. This outfit does not deteriorate, and can be put on more quickly than the helmet.

Not only the front-line trenches have to be prepared against gas attacks; men have sometimes been killed by the fumes nine miles back of the lines.

"A man who has been gassed should be treated as in a case of drowning. Gas is very much heavier than air, and must be expelled from the lungs the same way that water would be. All persons must be warned not to run away from a gas attack. The very best chance of their safety is in staying quietly in the trench and carrying out the duty ordered of them. Both the helmets and the box respirators afford absolute protection, provided they are undamaged."

"For Amusement"

"ALL day long," states a Belgian woman in *The German Terror in Belgium* (George H. Doran Company), by Arnold J. Toynbee, "I saw civilians being shot—twenty to twenty-five of them, including some monks or priests. The victims were bound four together, and placed on the pavement in front of the Maison Hamaide. The soldiers who shot them were on the other side of the Boulevard, on the warehouse roof."

The surviving men were marched away in batches. When night came, the women were confined in the Station. "My aunt," continues the witness quoted above, "was taken to the *Station* with her baby. It rained all night, and she wrapped the baby in her skirt. The baby cried for food, and a German soldier gave the child a little water and took them to an empty railway carriage. Some other women got into the carriage, but during the whole night the Germans fired at the carriage for amusement."

An Ambassador's Wife

Photo sent in by Central News Photo Service

Her husband is Maxim Litvinoff, whom Trotsky designated by wireless "The Russian people's Ambassador in London." In her arms is her little son Missha.

WAR APHORISMS BY GREAT GENERALS

"In war the morale is everything. The morale and the force of opinion are to the material as three to one."
Napoleon.

"Napoleon's presence on the field of battle is worth forty thousand men."
Wellington.

"Without war the world would stagnate and lose itself in materialism." *Moltke.*

"We soldiers think only in terms of war. We do not concern ourselves with peace."
Ludendorff.

"Every nation should be prepared for war. It is the terrible discipline of history, which must not be sought, but must be accepted when challenged." *Pétain.*

"Discipline does not mean a silent acquiescence that limits itself to whatever can be undertaken without compromising oneself. It is not the art of avoiding responsibilities. It is the art of acting in the spirit of a given order, to find in our intelligence a means of executing an order and in our character the energy to take the necessary risks." *Foch.*

Jokes are Grim at 8000 Feet

WAR jokes usually have in them other elements than humor. In the *Independent* Irving Batcheller tells of "the merry jest of the little flying captain" whom he met recuperating from a broken thigh in a British hospital.

The young officer had been chasing a German machine away over the enemy lines. Suddenly his engine began to miss, sputtered a minute, and then quit. He came down a stone's throw from a German camp. A crowd of soldiers surrounded him.

"'They marched me up to headquarters,' he said, 'where a colonel began to pump me in good English. The things they didn't learn from me were many. Soon somebody got a brilliant idea. They were going to send my machine over the lines with a photographer. In came a short, stout officer, and announced that there wasn't an aviator to be had.

"'The officers went out, and left me with a guard at the door. By and by the latter beckoned to me. I went out. The short young officer stood with the guard. He said that he and I were going over the line to take some photographs. He showed me a big revolver and said I would have to take his orders. "All right," I answered.

"'They had got the engine going, and set their cameras. We got in. Up went the old bus. She rose like a bird. He had told me to go up two thousand feet. We hadn't gone a mile when there was a burst of shrapnel just ahead and a few pieces of junk rattled against my left wing. That was lucky. It gave me an excuse for good elevation, and that was what I wanted. "We must go up or get our heads blown off," I said.

"'We were up about eight thousand feet. He held a sheet of paper before me on which he had scribbled the words, "High enough! begin to go down."

"'Say, maybe we didn't. I side-slipped a thousand feet and turned somersaults and spun down a thousand feet so quick the old bus creaked like a ship in a gale.'

"'Did he shoot?'

"'Shoot? I should say he did, but not me—didn't have time. He shot out of the fusillage on her second turn-over like a bullet, and struck a gravel bank head first near the Ypres Comines Canal. I think he is the only man I ever knew who killed and buried himself and erected his own tombstone. Everybody in the line has been to look at that one boot sticking out of the gravel.

"'It was the best joke of the summer.'"

The Great Leveler

THE Y. M. C. A. is sending several hundred women to France to work in the "canteens." They are the only women our boys come into contact with who can speak English; and the boys sit down and talk to them for hours about "back home."

One of these American women is Mrs. Vincent Astor. And here's an interesting bit from the war.

She was assigned to do duty as a waitress in the big lunch-room conducted by the "Y" at the port where our men land. On the first evening of her service one of the men to whom she brought the ham sandwich and cup of coffee was the man who had been butler on her private yacht the year before.

© International Film Service

A class of student firemen learning the workings of the pumps on the U. S. ship "Calvin Austin." Four hundred volunteered for this training.

Rupert Brooke's Grave

Photograph by Paul Thompson

The young English poet, Rupert Brooke, was killed during the Dardanelles expedition. He was carried to his grave in the arms of soldiers, and buried at midnight by the light of torches. In connection with this picture, we publish one of his last sonnets, the most famous poem that has come out of the war:

IF I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less,
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Photograph from Paul Thompson

Examining a German sailor who has been taken prisoner. The members of a submarine crew absorb air, says Commander von Forstner in his "Journal of a Submarine Commander" (Houghton, Mifflin Company), according to how hard they work. A well drilled crew, off duty, is expected to sleep at once, both because the rest increases their efficiency and because it saves air.

The Troubles of a Girl Butcher's-Boy

A GRUMPY old bachelor in a small English town refused to do business with the young woman who had taken the butcher's-boy's place when the boy enlisted. "He would have no women messing round his door for orders." Still, he had to get his meat delivered some way. So he hit on this ingenious plan:

Each morning he wrote his order illegibly on a sheet of paper, and stuck it in a bush in his garden. And never twice consecutively did he put it in the same spot, his pleasure probably being to watch her from the window while she hunted through his tiny shrubbery. But one day her hunt proved fruitless, and she dared to go to his door.

"Can't 'ee see the order up tree?" he demanded testily.

He had gone to the trouble of putting it in a tall elm! But the good-humored "butcher's-boy," who tells the tale in *Women War Workers* (Thomas Y. Crowell Company), was not the least put out by his perversity. Instead of taking it out on him, as she could easily have done, she brought him the best joints in the shop. And now they are the fastest of friends. So are women winning victories in this war!

His Will to Fight

ARE soldiers driven to the trenches? Here is a story told in *Maple Leaves in Flanders Fields* (E. P. Dutton & Company) which shows a spirit that every one recognizes who has ever been to the front.

Only by main force had they dragged Private Browne to the doctor. Under his arm they found a gigantic abscess, on the line of pressure from his equipment, which he had just carried eighteen miles.

"But why didn't you go sick?" asked the physician.

"I was afraid you would send me to hospital, and I want to go into the trenches."

"Well, you'll have to go to hospital now."

"Can't you make it to-morrow, sir?"

The doctor consented reluctantly, and the soldier was sent to the front.

Early next morning the medical man was strolling through the trenches, when they called him to attend a case. There lay Private Browne, with a small blue mark in the forehead.

"How did it happen?" asked the doctor.

"He said he was to go to hospital to-morrow," explained a chum, "and he wanted to have a shot at the Germans."

He had it, and had died on the spot.

From His Youngest Son

I HAVE only three children, all boys, and they are all in the service of their country—one already "over there" and two in training. My husband was too old for a chaplaincy, but resigned from his church and applied for Y. M. C. A. work. He received his commission, and is now on his way to France. The youngest son wrote him a letter that touched my heart and made me very proud of such a son. If you think it worth it, I would be glad to have you use it. It might help some father to do a little more for this struggle if he thought sons felt this way about it.

Fortress Monroe, Virginia.

My dear Father:

Just received your letter announcing that you had received your appointment. I am mighty glad for you, father, because I know it's something you have had in your heart a long time, and your experience and ability will enable you to do great work among the soldiers.

But you are not the only one; there are three more of us, of the same flesh and blood, who will soon join you, and a mother who will stay here and watch and pray while we are busy with death and destruction.

Each one will have his own peculiar work to perform. You are to cheer the men and increase their general happiness and the morale of the army, and to prepare each man with the courage and spirit to advance when the order is given, with utter abandon as to the result of the advancement. If you can put that sort of backbone and nerve into fifty per cent of the men with whom you come in contact, you will have assured the success of the drive that will win the war. Spiritual morale, as you well know, with a fair degree of strength, will always be victorious over enormous strength with no morale. You are the kind of man the country is looking for to inspire this nerve and strength in the soldiers.

So, father, you have got a big job ahead of you—one of the very biggest. You will not send us any simpering, ladies-than-thou ninnies, but, on the contrary, big, God-fearing men who are not afraid to die, because they get together with God back there at the Y. M. C. A. dug-out.

God bless you, dad, and give them hell till your boys get over. This is not profanity, father; it is just an earnest prayer.

Lovingly your boy, BRUCE.

How I Am Winning My Fight Against Tuberculosis

I HAVE tuberculosis. I am fighting it, and I expect to win. But during the first two years after I discovered my danger I made almost fatal mistakes—just the kind of mistakes that others are making every day. That is why I am writing this, which is also a word of encouragement.

My first mistake was to believe that fresh air was the sovereign cure. After fresh air I put good food, especially milk and eggs. And after that rest. The list was all right, but I had it in the wrong order. Rest should have come first of all.

I did avoid exercise for a time, and grew better rapidly. Then I began to mow the lawn, take long walks, and swing Indian clubs. Soon I began to grow worse. If I had moved a bed out on the porch, as I did later, and stayed in it three months, I might have been cured then and there.

But I was young, ambitious, just out of college, and married. I went to work. I had been under a doctor's care, but my work took me to another State, and I made the big mistake of not consulting a physician. My case of incipient tuberculosis developed into the second stage, and was almost beyond help when I finally went to a specialist. He put me to bed. I had to give up work for months where it might have been only weeks but for my mistakes.

People are inclined to put too much faith in fresh air. It is essential—but so is rest. Even deep breathing may be injurious. Farm-work and mountain-climbing are very dangerous. A few minutes of hard lifting may undo the progress of weeks. No exercise should be taken that brings on rapid or hard breathing. Gymnasium work is harmful. An injured lung is like any other sore, in that it can not heal if constantly irritated.

And let me emphasize this: If you have any idea that you have tuberculosis, go at once to a physician who has had large experience in treating it. Don't take chances with the general practitioner unless it is absolutely impossible to get to a specialist. Tuberculosis sanatoriums are perhaps the safest refuge. Above all, don't suffer through false pride. I did. I didn't want people to know I had it. It was a rashly foolish idea. One advantage in going to a health resort is that you do not feel suspicious.

There is much hope for the tuberculosis patient, and much to give him courage in the experience of others who have recovered. Complete rest, plenty of good food, and fresh air will do the business. Thousands have recovered, and thousands will; but delay may give the trouble too much of a start.

Whether rich or poor, put yourself at once in the care of a specialist. He will suit his fees and advice to your circumstances.

Don't be discouraged, but follow the rules, cheer up, don't worry about your debts, and make up your mind that you will recover. Patience and a stout heart are the fighting qualities that will win.

How Ford Kept a Tramp on the Job

HENRY FORD was driving into Detroit from his country place one morning, when he caught up with a tramp. The man was such a typical hobo that he attracted Mr. Ford's attention. The car was stopped beside the wanderer, and Mr. Ford asked him where he was going.

"Detroit," came the answer.

"What are you going to do?"

"Look for work."

"You really want work?"

"Yep."

"All right, climb in; I'll get you a job."

It was November and there was a biting wind sweeping across the fields. The tramp got in. He did not know who his benefactor was. He didn't care.

Reaching the Ford plant, the hobo began to realize with whom he had been riding. He started to back out as he was led into Mr. Ford's private office; but a few words put him on level terms with the world. Mr. Ford issued instructions. A suit of clothes was purchased; the hobo was fed. Then he was given a job.

Several months went by, and one day the former tramp walked into the office of one of Mr. Ford's assistants.

"I'm going to quit," he announced.

"What for?" inquired the executive.

"Well, you see, it's like this: my sister is sick down near Utica, New York."

Henry Ford is always ready to hire a man; but when it comes to firing them—well, he wouldn't let one man fire himself.

"That's too bad," sympathized the other; "but I think you should see Mr. Ford before you go."

From there the man went into Mr. Ford's office.

"I'm going to quit," he announced without ceremony.

"What's the matter?"

"Well, my sister is sick down near Utica, New York."

"I'm sorry to hear that, but you don't need to quit," answered Mr. Ford. "Give me your sister's name and address, and I'll have our Utica agency go out and get her, put her on a train, and we'll bring her to the Ford hospital, here in Detroit."

"That's very fine, Mr. Ford; but, you see, she has two small children, and somebody's got to take care of them."

"Well, that just makes it right. Put them on the train with her, and if you haven't got a home here I'll have one fixed up for you. We'll get a housekeeper and give those kiddies a vacation."

"Nope—I guess not," said the employee.

"What's the matter now?"

"I want to thank you and all that, but—shucks, I ain't got a sister, nor any nieces or nephews. I was just lying to you. I can't work any longer. You see, I'm a tramp, and in the spring the trees, the green grass, the birds, the flowers—See how it is?"

Mr. Ford was amused, yet irritated. He looked the fellow in the eyes, and quietly said:

"I can't stop you walking out of here. I can't make you work. But I want to tell you that the minute you step across the door a man will be trailing you. When he gets tired another will replace him. I don't care if you go around the world, you'll always have company. You are too good a man to lead an aimless existence like this—I'm not going to let you."

The other stood fumbling his cap and mumbling. Finally he burst out:

"Aw—I'm going back to work!"

He's still working. N. B. BEASLEY.

Who Writes the Plays for Douglas Fairbanks?

Photograph by L. C. Bachrach

WELL, if you really want to know, it's a young lady named Loos—Miss Anita Loos; and she is just exactly twenty-five years old.

Success in motion pictures, like most other kinds of success, comes to those who have put in good, long years of apprenticeship. Miss Loos comes of writing stock, her father having divided his time between the newspaper business and the stage; and her own first short story was written and sold to the *Morning Telegraph* in New York when she was just fourteen years old. Already she was at work on the stage, and had established some reputation as a clever child actress.

Then, at sixteen, she wrote her first photo-play, and sold it to D. W. Griffith. It was called "The New York Hat"; and she has been writing them ever since. For Douglas Fairbanks she has written "In Again, Out Again," "Wild and Woolly," "Down to Earth," etc., and in the seven years of her photo-play writing she has tucked away the neat little sum of fifty thousand dollars.

"What are the chief requisites for successful photo-play writing?" we asked Miss Loos.

"First of all, training," she answered. "I had the advantage of good, long training in both writing and acting, and I do not know of any one who has made a real success without long application to the mastery of technique.

"Next to training comes youth, fresh ideas, and enthusiasm. Mr. Fairbanks keeps himself surrounded by youth, for he is a young man himself—far younger than his years. In fact, he is a sort of Peter Pan. I don't believe he will ever grow up. The best producers to-day are young men; and I believe that those who are ambitious for success in the motion-picture world should begin young. I am twenty-five, and I expect to retire to the Movie Veterans' Home at the ripe old age of twenty-seven."

The Mop-Stick is Mightier than the Sword

COLONEL ROOSEVELT keeps on his library one of the broom-sticks used to drill army recruits, and exhibits it to visitors as an object lesson in unpreparedness; but here comes Miss Mabel Henderson to show that in a woman's hands broom-stick or mop-stick may be a real weapon.

Miss Henderson lives on a farm in the wilderness of northern Wisconsin. She is an expert with all the tools of the efficient housekeeper.

One morning Miss Henderson was giving the kitchen floor a final polish when she heard Teddy—not the Colonel, but her collie dog—sound his war-cry. Teddy had tackled a big timber-wolf. Miss Henderson, armed with her mop-stick, charged into the fight.

When it was over the mop-stick was all broken up, but so was the wolf. Miss Henderson received a $20 State bounty for killing the beast, and her father presented her with a brand-new mop-stick.

His Ear for Music Saved London

RECENT air raids on London have been beaten off because the defenders have been able to put up an effective aërial barrage and the defending aëroplanes have been able to operate successfully against the invaders.

It's an American who has made this possible. He is the nephew of a British-born school-teacher in Brooklyn. He lived in America; but, inspired by his aunt, who promised to take care of his family, he went over and enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps.

No heroes are made by the British—they have no "aces" except Major Bishop. But this Brooklyn lad is an "ace" of the first water. He had been an organist, and when he enlisted he had the good luck to be assigned to a squad trying out an aëroplane detector or microphone.

His whole heart was in the work. He studied what had been done. Then came a raid at a most opportune moment: he was listening at the microphone. *Hum—hum—hum—hum*, went the raiding Gothas. His musical ear responded. *Sum—sum—sum*, went the British planes that rose to meet the enemy. And the idea was born.

Every German plane, as recorded in the microphone, was making a sound in B-flat, while every British aëroplane rising to repulse the enemy was tuned in G-minor.

And so to-day, when the Hun comes, there is a shrapnel barrage all about London when the microphones record B-flat, and there is a cessation of fire when comes into range the weird notes in G-minor of the British defending planes.

Carry Your Camera with You

PICTURES speak far more effectively than words, when it comes to closing sales. One sales-manager, reported by J. S. Baley, in *System*, makes it a point to have all of his men carry cameras with them on their trips. When one is in a factory where the company's product has been installed, he takes a snapshot.

"Here is So-and-So's factory, where we put our machines last month," he can say; or:

"Here's a snapshot of So-and-So signing an order for our goods."

It helps to make the sales talk vivid and interesting—and sprinkles the house organ with plenty of good pictures.

Do you carry a camera with you on your trips? Couldn't it be made to help you in your sales work if you did?

CAMERA JOE

By JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

Illustrations by William Van Dresser

My first recollection of Camera Joe dates back to the time when I was nine years of age. I met him on the Skeevale Road one hot August morning as I was walking out to Ed Dekker's pond to spend the forenoon fishing. I was bare-footed and coatless, with only one suspender and a felt hat that had three bullet holes in it—holes put there by Sam Beasley, who had once snatched it from my head and used it for a target. My brother Will thrashed Sam Beasley well for making the hat a target.

I can see Camera Joe as he came swinging by the Lee Meadows on that summer morning. He was tall and straight, and he was dressed in a gray coat and trousers, with a flannel shirt open at the neck. He carried a straw hat in one hand, and in the other he carried the camera that gave him his name. He was a rather fine-looking man of about thirty-five years of age, with soft brown eyes and curly hair, and the nicest smile I ever saw on any face.

"Hello!" he said, as he came nearer to me. "And what might your name be?"

"Tommy Perrin," I answered.

"Tommy Perrin," he said. "Why, you're John Perrin's boy."

"Yes," I said.

"Well, Tommy," he said, putting his hat on his head and opening the camera, "I'm going to make a picture of you. You know who I am, don't you?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, who am I?"

"You're Camera Joe," I said.

"That's right. I'm Camera Joe. Stand over there by those sumac bushes, Tommy. Hold your fishing-rod straight. Get the bait-can a little in front. That dog's a shifty fellow. Now, that's right! One moment, Tommy. Say! Splendid! It's all over. Good-by. I hope you'll have some nice fishing."

That evening, at the supper-table, I told of the happening on the Skeevale Road.

"I was photographed this morning," I said.

"Photographed? Who by?" inquired mother.

"Camera Joe did it," I answered. "I met him down near the Lee Meadows, and he took a picture of me."

Aunt Maria Metham, who is mother's sister, was staying with us just then; and Aunt Maria never let anything go by without making inquiries.

"Who is Camera Joe?" she asked, turning to father.

"He's a poor fellow who's gone a little wrong in the head," said father. "He's got a hobby for photography, and when he's not working he walks round the country taking pictures."

"But what could he do with Tommy's picture?" inquired Aunt Maria. "Surely, Kate," she went on, turning to mother, "you don't want a picture of Tommy as he went out this morning! He was disgraceful!"

I flushed, and then father went on and told a lot more about Camera Joe. I didn't like Aunt Maria Metham, but I was glad she asked about Camera Joe—I might not have known his history if she had not been so inquisitive.

"He doesn't sell his photographs," explained father. "He takes pictures for his own amusement. All the money he earns he uses up in buying films and developing fluids. He has his pockets full of snapshots that he has taken of people and places within twenty miles of this town. He started doing it eight years ago when he got a disappointment."

"What was the disappointment?" asked Aunt Maria Metham.

"The girl he was going to marry turned around and married some one else. I didn't blame her, and I don't think Camera Joe did. She got a man who earns good money as an engineer on the Red Mountain and Guinea Hill Branch Line, and they're living very happily together. But it seemed to upset Camera Joe's brain. He had a camera that his father gave him, and the moment the girl married, why, he just left his job in Hartley's store and started off snapshotting people all over the country. Works a day here and a day there on a farm, but he's busy most of the time taking pictures that he never sells."

"Well," said my Aunt Maria Metham, "I think he's a worthless fellow and I don't think Tommy will gain much by being in his company."

Now, two years after this happened, mother and Aunt Maria Metham had a falling out, and we lost all track of her; but I hope she reads this story that I have written about Camera Joe. I hope she reads it, and remembers how she called him a worthless fellow whose example me. I like taking pictures of places and people, and I don't do it for money. My father gave me this camera, and all the joy I get in life I get out of it. Tommy will never see Ferret looking exactly the way he looked at Keepsake Pond, so he'll like this photograph. Everything changes, John. Everything! So this camera is a little hurt in the jacket of the old god Change. It gets them as they were, and it laughs at to-morrows. It laughs at to-morrows, John. You can't bribe a camera. It tells the truth, the truth always. Do you understand me, John?"

"I think I do," said father. "I think I do."

Afterwards I wondered a lot about what Camera Joe said when he brought me that picture of Ferret. It seemed strange that he should talk like that years before the big happening that proved he was a splendid man with the simple mind of a child.

I wonder if, when he said it, he saw into the future and understood what would happen and what a great service the old and battered camera would do to the one he loved.

I had the picture of Ferret framed, and three months after Camera Joe took it Ferret took sick and died; so Joe was right. I never did see the dog again as I saw him that day at Keepsake Pond, with his fore leg up and his ears cocked, looking straight at the camera as if it was a gun pointed at him.

When I told Camera Joe about Ferret's death, he shook his head slowly and said:

"I told you, Tommy, that everything changes. The camera is the one thing that fixes a thing for a minute—for a single minute. You can't trust your memory for an instant. No person can describe accurately another person he passes on the road three minutes before; but the camera can. The camera takes down the shape of the features, the cut of the clothes, the walk, everything. Truth doesn't live in the bottom of a well; it lives in the box of a camera, and it looks out of the lens and takes a quick description of everything every time I press the button. Now you've got Ferret with you as long as the picture lasts."

The summer following that, I went to work in the Halway Hotel, which is owned by Mr. Ebenezer Halway, who was president of the Red Mountain and Guinea Hill Branch Line. But, although I was at work, I saw a lot of Camera Joe. I often met him on the road between the hotel and my father's farm, and we would sit together on the roadside, and he would show me scores of snapshots he had taken of persons and of spots of interest that he had seen in his wanderings. He had the pockets of his gray coat filled with prints, and he would exhibit them with the greatest pleasure.

"I study them, Tommy," he said once to me. "I study the pictures of the people I photograph, and I seem to see their souls. Now, who would you think that was?"

"'Hold your fishing-rod straight, Tommy. Get the bait-can a little in front. That's right.'"

During that summer and the next I met Camera Joe many times. He always carried the camera. No one ever saw him on the road without it, and he was always willing to take a picture. One day at Keepsake Pond he took a picture of my dog Ferret, and he brought me a copy of the picture to the house. Father spoke to him when he came.

"Hello, Joe," said father.

"Hello, John," said Camera Joe. "I've just brought Tommy a picture of his dog that I took up at Keepsake Pond."

It was a good picture, and father liked it. He told Camera Joe he liked it, and Joe smiled that wonderful smile of his.

"Now, look here," said father; "I'd like to buy this picture. You can't afford to take pictures for nothing."

"John," said the photographer, "I did it for Tommy. You know how it is with

He showed me a picture of a middle-aged man with a fishing-rod in his hand, the whole face distorted with passion. There was some dim resemblance to some one I knew, but after staring at the picture for a few minutes I had to admit that I could not tell whose photograph it was.

"It's the picture of your boss," said Camera Joe.

"What?" I cried. "Mr. Halway?"

"Mr. Ebenezer Halway," said Joe. "Only Mr. Halway didn't know he was being photographed. I was sitting under the bridge at Beaver Brook, and he came along, whipping the brook for trout. He caught one, Tommy, a regular whopper, and after he had been playing with it for fifteen minutes or so it got away from him. That's when I snapped his picture. The real Mr. Ebenezer Halway showed himself because the imitation Mr. Halway, who is president of the Red Mountain and Guinea Hill Branch Line, didn't think any one was looking at him. Now I know Mr. Halway better than any one else, because I have the real picture of him—the real picture of him, Tommy. His soul was in flashings when that trout got away; and it doesn't look nice, does it?"

I told father about Camera Joe's picture of Mr. Ebenezer Halway, and he was much interested.

"'Tommy, run with that film to Mary Grant's house. Good-by, Tommy; you're a good boy.'"

"That's strange," he said. Then, after a minute's silence, he added:

"Sometimes I think it's a pity that Mary Sumner didn't marry Joe. She's a fine woman, and perhaps Joe would have been the best husband for her, after all."

I wondered at father making this remark, because I remembered what he had said to Aunt Maria Metham about Mary Sumner being happy with Will Grant, the engineer on the Red Mountain and Guinea Hill Branch Line; but two or three days afterward I understood. I met Will Grant as he came out of Carey's saloon on Main Street, and it was plain that he had been drinking. He staggered down a back street cuwards his home, and I went on to the hotel, wondering what Mr. Habway would think of Will Grant if he ever met Will in the condition in which he was when I saw him.

WILL GRANT and Camera Joe never spoke to each other. Once, on the road leading out to father's farm, I was sitting with Joe, looking at a collection of photographs that he had made on a hike he took "way out to Rainbow Valley and Laughing Springs. Will Grant came by on a bicycle, and he pulled up.

"Hello, Tommy Perrin," he said, "What are you doing?"

"I'm looking at some pictures of Rainbow Valley," I said. "They're splendid. Don't you want to see them?"

Will Grant laughed. "No; I'm not crazy," he said. "I'm not much interested in photographs. I'm interested in real things."

He laughed again, looked at Camera Joe, and went pedaling down the hill towards the roundhouse.

Joe didn't say anything. He just turned back to the bundle of prints, explaining to me who the people were and the names of the different places he had photographed.

"That's Rainbow Valley as it was last week, Tommy," he said, after we had looked at the twoscore photographs. "It's different to-day. The people I took are older or grumpier, and there are less leaves on the trees and less water in the brooks. Old god Change is over at Rainbow Valley, just as he is everywhere else. People don't look the same two days running, no more than they think the same."

There was a far-away look in his eyes when he said that, and I knew he was thinking of Mary Sumner, who had changed her mind and married Will Grant.

"Well, I must be going," he said, standing up. "How's Ferret's picture, Tommy?"

"I've got it at the head of my bed," I said. "If you hadn't taken a picture of him that day at Keepsake Pond, I could not remember what he looked like now."

Joe laughed, waved his hand to me, and walked off towards the hills, swinging his camera in his right hand as he walked. I stood and looked after him till he reached the corner; then he turned and saw me, and he seemed glad and waved again. I thought of Aunt Maria Metham, and was pleased that mother and she had quarreled.

Camera Joe went away for a long trip that day—away out to Dill River and over the trails up to Hanging Bend and Sweetwater. And while he was away I was promoted to the post of assistant to Mr. Griswold, the counter clerk. The new job kept me busy and I had longer hours, and for a while I had little time to think of Camera Joe.

AND then, one day, a terrible thing happened. A freight train on the Red Mountain and Guinea Hill Branch Line ran into a passenger train and smashed a day-coach to pieces. One man was killed and nine other passengers were injured; and Will Grant, the engineer of the freight train, was placed under arrest.

The signalman, who was a nephew of Mr. Habway, said that the distance signal was up against the freight, although Will Grant, when he was arrested, was certain that it was down. Anyhow, the moment after the smash occurred the signal was found to be up, so that it looked as if Will Grant had run by it. That was what everybody around the depot seemed to think. Most of the people in the town knew that Will Grant was drinking, and there was a "Well-I-knew-something-would-happen" expression upon most of their faces as a policeman led him away.

"It was down! It was down!" Will Grant kept saying. But he spoke in a way that made me think that he was certain no one would believe him.

That splintered day-coach, and the moaning of the injured, frightened me. Mr. Habway had telephoned the hotel from the depot a few minutes after the smash, and Mr. Griswold, the counter clerk, had sent me and Gannon, the porter, and Herbert, the waiter, on the run to see if we could be of any help.

Mr. Habway was very angry. He was talking to his nephew, Harry Pritchard, the signalman, when I came up, and I heard a few words of what he said.

"It's the first time I ever know you to be close to a mess and not in it!" he said. "When I heard the smash I said to myself, 'Harry is off the job chasing girls, and all hell has broken loose.'"

Harry Pritchard, who was a very vain young man, fanned himself with his hat and grinned.

"You were wrong that time, Uncle Ellen," he said. "Little Harry was right here manicuring the levers. Will Grant has been taking chances, an' now he's got his."

Mr. Habway turned around and saw me and Gannon and Herbert, and he cried out instructions to us. We were rushed to attend to the injured, and for a few hours we were very busy. Two thirds of the people of the town were down at the depot, and there was a lot of talking among the men, most of it about Will Grant. A lot of them pitied Will, but all of them were sorry for his wife. She had come running down to the depot with a shawl wrapped round her head after Will had been marched away by the policeman, and she asked Mr. Blythe, the yard-master, where Will was.

Mr. Blythe couldn't answer for a moment, and she thought Will was killed. Her face went as white as a clean handkerchief. Then Mr. Blythe put his big hand on her shoulder and spoke kindly to her.

"It's not as bad as that, Mary," he said. "He's not hurt a little bit."

"Then where is he?" she cried. "Tell me quick!"

"They've taken him up to the jail," said the yard-master, "They want to ask him some questions."

She ran back across the yard without seeing any one. When I said, "Good morning, Mrs. Grant," and touched my hat to her, she didn't answer me and I don't think she knew me.

It must have been two hours after the smash that I heard Mr. Pennington, the freight agent, make a remark to some one right behind me, and I turned quick.

Mr. Pennington said: "Well, Joe, if you want to take some pictures to-day you've got a splendid opportunity."

"I don't want to take pictures of this," said Camera Joe, for it was Joe that the freight agent addressed. "I take pictures of pleasant things."

Then he saw me. "Hello, Tommy Perrin!" he said. "What are you doing?"

"Mr. Griswold sent some of us down to help," I said. Then, as I looked at Camera Joe, I noticed something that was very unusual. His camera was not in his right hand!

"Why, Joe," I said, "where is your camera?"

He started, looked at his right hand, and gave a little surprised cry. I recalled then what father had told Aunt Maria Metham about Camera Joe being a little off his head. For just an instant there came over his face the most curious look of childish amazement that I had ever seen. He clutched at my arm as if he was going to fall.

"Where is it, Tommy?" he gasped. "What did I do with it?"

He looked so terrified and upset that I led him over behind the freight-shed and sat him down on a crate. He was trembling and there were tears in his eyes.

"Don't go away, Tommy," he said. "Don't—don't leave me! Help me to find my camera! Tommy, my father gave it to me, and if I lost it I'd die."

"We'll find it, Joe," I said. "You just try and think where you put it down."

"I can't think," he said. "My brain won't think."

I thought it might help some if I questioned him; so, sitting beside him on the crate, I started to ask him questions.

"How long have you been here?" I said. "When did you get to the accident?"

"Why, I've been here hours," he said. "I was here when there were only three or four people about."

"You must have heard the crash?" I said.

"Yes, yes, I heard it!" he cried. "I heard it distinctly. It frightened me."

"Where were you?" I asked.

"Why, I was up around the bend of the hill," he cried, pointing up the line to Red Mountain and Guinea Hill. "I was standing there near the tracks."

"Then Will Grant's train must have passed you as it came cuwards the depot?" I said.

"It did," he answered. "I was standing near the— Tommy! Tommy! I know where I left my camera! Take me up the tracks, Tommy! I feel all shaky and broken up."

I WENT with him up the bend of the hill down which the heavy freight train had rolled just before it dashed into the passenger, and I was sorry for Camera Joe. He looked weak and frail, and his face and hands were like the face and hands of a man who has been on a starvation allowance for a long, long time. His clothes, too, were very shabby, and his shoes had holes in them. But he tried to smile as we walked up the hill,—the same sweet, childish smile,—and once he stopped and looked down at me.

"You'd be sorry if I lost the camera, Tommy," he said, a little gasp of fear in his voice. "Remember how I took the picture of your dog Ferret, that day at Keepsake Pond?"

"Why, yes, Joe," I stammered, nearly crying when he reminded me of Ferret. "But you'll find it. Now show me the place where you were standing when the freight came by."

He led me over to a clump of sumac bushes, and turned his face towards Red Mountain. For a long minute he stood without speaking. Then the look upon his face changed, and the old smile swept over his features. He gripped my arm tightly and gave a kind of joyous cry.

"Tommy! Tommy!" he shouted. "It all comes back to me, now that I see Red Mountain and the tracks. Why, Tommy, I was standing here—right here—when the freight came out of the tunnel with the white smoke trailing over her like a great plume, and I said to myself, 'Joe, there's a picture.' And, Tommy, I opened up the camera and took it. Strange I should forget it, isn't it? I took the freight as it came rolling down the grade, and—and I was standing here with the camera in my hands when I heard the smash. It was a dreadful smash, Tommy. I—I—"

He stopped and looked around helplessly. Then he gave a wild cry and flung himself forward on the soft grass. His two hands clutched the camera, and he put it to his lips as he got to his feet.

"Look at it, Tommy!" he cried. "I must have dropped it when I heard the smash. I dropped it and ran towards the depot. But it waited for me—waited for Joe to come back to it."

He stepped towards me and took my hand.

"I'm thankful to you, Tommy," he said. "I'm real thankful. If you hadn't questioned me like you did I might never have found it. You better get back to the depot now, because Mr. Habway might want you. Good-by, and thanks, Tommy. Good-by."

I walked back to the depot, and found that Gannon, the porter, and Herbert, the waiter, had gone back to the hotel; so I walked back up Main Street, thinking of Camera Joe and Will Grant's wife, who

Continued on page 31

ARE THE CRITICS ALWAYS WRONG?

Photographs by White Studio

DOES YOUR CANAR

ALLIGATOR at St. Ben R. Kelly super intendent of waters and sewers at Fort Myers Florida a workman's sewer pipe breaker ripped and $1500 was spent for a without avail. Kelly suspected duck crawling through a secret opening at the G. K. Post. He secured the station and a rope which him and lowered him into the sewer-hole. Duck finding he could not get out proceeded on his way to the next manhole inspecting the pipe after him. The accomplishment was a simple matter a silver tube a hand on the rope and clean out he pipe with duck is booked up several months for sewer cleaning engagements

IT is not the early bird which the early worms at Bear Lake Pleasant Manchester a rarity feature the story daughter of the north with her capricious watch Bucker For a long time before he fishing season opens

MR. ROSEA STEE MAN of Trenton Californian says he enjoys the sea of fire in accessed the store he finds of his open Hampton A member of Lake photo-play has reproduced such also Trojan and being the mails like as much it. as is while he can dance guitar up older pair much wears etc But while apes may come and enjoy it go Hampton always sure and Though the temperament he stand without pitching Though available Barrie parties her when they arrive high there Carlton she is put about an apes flew like a ing he Friday and he

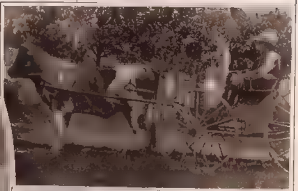
MRS. ALICE P. WARNER other police dogs brought her an appointment as special police officer last year by the chief a Tempered. New York A gang of burglars had been operating in Mr. Shore and Mrs. Warner were just ran them down through underbrush and across meadows to a bungalow three miles away where they had taken refuge More recently the training of Rex dogs has been occupying Mrs. Warner From old Duke, who enters into the thing with careful chap turning up his nose and refusing the rat to shown more ob

WE wonder think a having a page with out a and his to be. Together with his beaver companions Flora and Peggy Flora is on Ingrid's hand and Peggy is on his back. Flora originally the property Harry Marks of Los Angeles. He every day working for the movies. Mr Marks got Flora when he was only a few months old from a Scotch ship captain. Then to keep him from drunk lonely Mr Marks put Peg in the same squirrels. Flora loves the squirrels and they love him. They ride about on his back or in the cage which he carries and their owner has refused an offer of $5000 or the living pair

...RY EARN HIS SALT?

...out searching for the weekly quarter. When the season opens and the table men ... she appears ... and ... many ... penny ... the ... hundred

A ... fellow business man ... asking advice about ... investments. A young Paul ... out of [illegible] ... would ... [illegible] ... Paul has ... [illegible] ... when he was ... when he was ... that he take a ... and ... all ... money ... to keep his ... and ... He started ... an ... mother ... who soon ... him with a ... of healthy ... He sold ... of them ... each ... $1.30 each for the rest ... they were a ... older.



... [illegible] ... with ... elegant ... should ... the arm ... best friend ... with which ... once a week ... wagon, the bull hauls the cream to market. "Just as gentle ... as ... says ... of his bull.

EDDIE YALEN ... Rover ... all ... Rover is the new original self starting motor dog. ... Eddie grabs his ... and ... Rover ... with the other ... they go to the baseball park. Eddie ... have ... Rover knows the way ... ice cream ... reach the ... gentle reader ... then we will ...

Photograph by ... [illegible]

THIS is Mrs. ... Ingedorn ... and some samples of the squabs which brought her in $4000 ... labor. The way she got the $4000 was by multiplying the 800 squabs she raised in ... by the fifty cents she got for each one. "Get good stock to begin with," says Mrs. Ingedorn. "A pair of well mated homing pigeons at $... are a fine investment. Don't let them fly all around, but keep them in a ... wire enclosure. Feed them a special diet of cracked corn, wheat, and peas and give them plenty of water to drink and to bathe in."

SEA SALTS

Photograph from Illustrating Service Ltd

COMMODORE BEVERIDGE on the left and Captain Barratt on the right as seen from the Captain's bridge, and how sea pheasants are hooked. Upon one occasion when Commodore Beveridge insulted his private secretary, Captain Barratt "put him right." "I am afraid not," replied the latter, "an officer must have a seafaring mind and it's back for the second of the playing-boy and the cat o' the cage-cage!" "Save me!" and Mr. Beveridge and went forth and secured commodious Beveridge at a big sea-going yacht.

CAPTAIN WALTER J. BARRATT has sailed every one of the seven seas, and considers it humanity the busiest in the world. The circumstances under which he commands simply does a duty were the ordinary unforeseen emergencies come up at every turn. Sleep as we may. Nature very brilliantly! "Not by the "Hail in the old days," we began "when you sailed from Singapore for Yokohama special about Singapore," said he. "We had an awful time on board, for a while our table manners were disturbed. Cyclones—in southern waters? Certainly but we just figure out an approaching cyclone's path and avoid it. Centre." Frankly we are disappointed in Captain Barratt and he gets up this journey because I thought I looks

Photograph by Press Illustrating Service Ltd

CAPTAIN DALEY now in the left of the picture is sending us more than idea of a sea captain. He and his old Cairn mate are seated on the left Have just another in Salters Shoal Harbour on Staten Island. Three persons crossed him down in the Amazon at Icebergs Since Noe

CAPTAIN ALBERT WITNEY'S good ship *Raphael* came to a sudden end. They were anchored off Karluk Alaska, when a terrible gale drew up. The lawyers parted and he slipped struck the rocks. One of the crew got a cast line ashore with a life-buoy and every man Jack of them slid over the three hundred feet of breakers. The only part of the cargo saved was a salmon can found three days later inside a black shark

Photograph from Brown Bros

Photograph by Press Illustrating Service Ltd

CAPTAIN A. H. CLARK displayed [illegible] feet and became a captain at twenty-two. He has commanded sailing vessels and steamships and knows Eastern waters from Calcutta to the Yellow Sea. Many a time he has sighted the Tiger's Tail in Port Arthur Bay. The opening of the Suez Canal put a stop to what the Captain calls the most romantic sport of all Square rigging. Now says Captain Clark the boys [illegible] and no longer [illegible]

LIFTY TWO years it is since Captain [illegible] C. Norton has followed the sea. The Captain is a veteran of the Civil War and his ship the *Powhatan* was on hand in '98 when the Spanish fleet came out of Havana harbour on a certain memorable morning. Now as Librarian at Sailors' Snug Harbor the Captain likes to wear cruises from the deliciousness of various old salts who keep out their yarns. Verbatim over one

Photograph from Bradley Rydell

MILITARY [illegible] song, one of those [illegible] was. Round the Cape," said Capt. Coats a very common to have the seas running like trees high." "My yes," added Capt. Norton, "many a time on those voyages those eyes have seen porpoises swimming as the combers far above my head."

Did You Ever Put Your Work on the Scales?

By JAMES H. COLLINS

Illustration by Jessie Gillespie

A NICE, [illegible] tentious, sympathetic stenographer was suddenly promoted given complete [illegible] letter typewriting [illegible] large manufacturing concern.

And then her troubles began. Because she was sympathetic, Susie, a schemin[illegible] young woman, took advantage of the [illegible] ing on [illegible]

"Do you remember," asked her father, "how you were told a ways to watch the butcher's scales when we sent you to buy meat? Well, watch the scales now with those girls, and see that they give [illegible] for your money. Pay them by [illegible]"

Next morning the new manager started them working by the pound. The number of words in each letter given out to be typed were counted, and the number of [illegible] output and accuracy of that typing room increased one hundred per cent.

Have your ever put your work on the scales?

Not everybody has. In the business world generally you will find the most fantastic notions about all kinds of work—that certain tasks can not be weighed, measured, counted, or reduced to other standard of quantity. And so there is overweight in some things, and short count in others, and unjust differences between the pay and output of different individuals. But people are learning to measure and reduce work to [illegible]

They used to say, when modern heating and [illegible] began to come into use for tools and machine parts, that the only way to be sure of accurate results was to leave things to Bill Jones, who had a knack at tempering. Bill Jones's results differed from day to day. Very often, on Monday morning, he spoiled a lot of work. But what could you do about that? Heat-treating was a highly mysterious handicraft—really temperamental, to make a pun. Bill Jones had the "know how."

But by and by it occurred to some accountant that Bill Jones's job was simply an electric thermometer that gauges degrees of heat. So they put in a pyrometer—that is, a thermometer that gauges degrees of heat—and [illegible] furnaces, each gauged by its pyrometer. Then there is a central temperature board, watched by a girl who notes each rise or fall in heat at one of the furnaces, and signals accordingly to the man in charge.

This idea of weighing work struck the manager of a Los Angeles steam laundry who was having difficulty in his marking department. It took three people to mark a bundle of laundry—one reading, another listing, and a third putting the mystic hieroglyphics on the collar or shirt. [illegible] quite care in selection of [illegible] work was always getting behind, and, what was worse, was often marked wrong.

The manager decided to put this department on a piece-work basis, counting each marker's daily output. He made arrangements to weigh errors, and allow for that in the pay scheme too, but on a sort of left-hand basis—instead of charging markers for the errors they made, he said he would pay them for the ones they didn't make. A girl who marked a thousand pieces daily with but one error got eight and three quarter cents a hundred. If she marked one hundred pieces more daily, her rate was nine cents a hundred, and from that on upward to ten and a half cents for two thousand pieces or more. In addition, if her weekly output showed an average of only one error in three thousand pieces, she got a bonus of fifty cents, for one error to forty-six hundred pieces, a bonus of seventy-five cents, and [illegible]

If that manager had been told before putting such work upon the scales that it could be speeded up from [illegible] to one hundred and fifty [illegible] hour than the average one [illegible] have declared such records impossible in the laundry business. But the results fairly ran away with him. His markers stiffened up their output all along the line, swung in solid phalanx past the hundred an hour mark, and then [illegible] and the best records made in other [illegible]s of two hundred and seventy pieces an hour. That must be [illegible] thought. But they went [illegible] boosting the average about three hundred pieces [illegible] until to-day it has reached [illegible] production and accuracy, about three dollars a [illegible]

As soon as this work was put on the scales it began to show shortcomings in his own system. Marking desks [illegible] found to be badly arranged; so they were laid out on a new plan, with conveniences for each particular kind of work, and everything within handy reach. Girls who had no natural handiness at the work were given other tasks, so that the marking force soon became a little squad of speed artists, who did better work, got more pay, and finished their tasks in fewer hours—so Saturday they were all through by [illegible] A. M. and had the rest of the day to themselves. It was even found that speed and accuracy could be improved by giving the markers plenty of fresh air, winter and [illegible]

Have you ever thought about your job in this way?

Go get the scales!

It's Easier to Succeed than Fail

Ed Howe, the philosopher of Potato Hill Farm, Kansas, who believes that success is easier than failure, and who proved his belief true by making enough money out of a daily paper so that he could retire at fifty and amuse himself by giving good advice to the world.

IF the world is to be saved, it will not be through philosophers and teachers, but by the [illegible] they would be done. For such people, [illegible] How, in a [illegible] k your publ[illegible] [illegible] bably stupid [illegible] he says. It is that life is not understandable, that man may only guess, that there is no well defined program of rewards and punishments.

Every man of fair intelligence may easily understand life, and usually does. Pick up any book and you find the rules. There are few unanswered questions, except as they are asked by dreamers who attack the problems of life with pale beams of false light.

Success in life is easier than failure. There is more morality and usefulness in success than in failure. It is every man's natural duty to make a success of his life, and sure he may do without being a hero. Do your work as best you can, and be modest, patient, polite, and honorable, and some day the prize coming to you will arrive. It will not be as great as you expect,—no man ever got all he expected [illegible] but it will be all that is honestly coming to you.

The best good men can do will not result in [illegible]y for the shiftless, the dishonest, the lazy. Nothing will rid the people of work and unhappiness. The great human be[illegible] will never be realized. Men talk and write of [illegible] difficult thing, and say in order to achieve they must give up all the finer things—all pleasures and all enjoyment. It [illegible]

I declare my belief that it is not your duty to do anything that is not to your own [illegible] Whenever it is reasonably your d[illegible] do a thing, then it will benefit you to perform that duty. I do not love my neighbor as I hope to be treated. I am selfish [illegible]

I say that a man who lives a successful life meets with many discouragements and humiliations, but lives an easier and more useful life than the failure. I say the workers, the majority, not only accomplish more of value than the philosophers, statesmen, poets, and geniuses, but teach better lessons, have better [illegible]

Are You a Slave or a Member of the Firm?

SEVERAL years ago I was keeping [illegible]ks in a store m[illegible] dealing in jewelry and [illegible]es, perfumes, etc. After a period of [illegible]al prosperity, for some unknown reason our customers began [illegible] raising us.

Of course this worried the owner, a charming young English girl, and it worried me too, because I had lent her money to put in the business. One d[illegible]

a mans never to enter your store
You have the grouchiest clerks in
That snippy little Dorenmon
snapped my head off a few
hen I was in. Your clerks

are very lovely and sweet-mannered when you or [illegible]d but when you're [illegible] they're really insulting. A few weeks ago, when you were both away on a business trip, those clerks had a glorious time, and the whole [illegible]en was talking about.

That evening the owner and I held a council of war, and decided that courtesy pays, and [illegible] matter how high the [illegible]

So next day we announced that, beginning at once, we would pay the clerks five per cent on all their sales, in addition to their regular salaries.

Under the new régime the change in those clerks was wonderful to see. Where formerly they had hung back and said it wasn't their turn, now they could hardly reach a customer quickly enough. They suggested new ways of advertising; they rearranged the windows more frequently to attract trade, and there was always a healthy rivalry as to which would have the largest bonus at the end of the week. They also put in all their spare time getting acquainted with the stock instead of primping, squabbling, and indulging in gossip, as formerly.

At the end of the month we found that we had cleared almost five hundred dollars more than the previous month, even with [illegible] threatened to leave us asked me, "How did you ever change those grouches of yours into sunbeams?"

And one day I overheard [illegible] prettiest clerk [illegible] [illegible] and commission I don't [illegible] feel like a slave any more. I feel more like a member of the firm."

E. M.

> YOU have a dollar
> I have a dolla
> We swap
> Now you have my dollar
> And I have yours
> We are no better off
>
> You have an idea
> I have an idea
> We swap
> Now you have two ideas
> And I have two ideas
>
> That's the difference

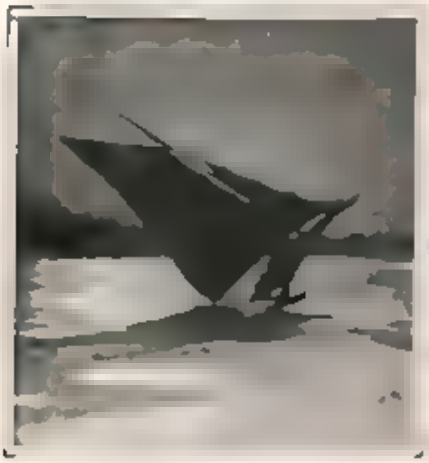
Insurance Men, Note

A [illegible]PENTICAN [illegible] with the local paper to carry this line under the report of every fire in the city: "Insure with Jones & Co."

The scheme has doubled his business. Every man who reads about a fire thinks to himself, "It might happen to me," and presto! the name and telephone number of an insurance agent strikes his eye.

THE MELTING POT

In Which the New Books and Magazines are Boiled Down to Give You Fifteen Minutes of Health Efficiency, Travel, Biography and Adventure



SIXTY MILES AN HOUR

THIS may be a bad winter for horses and dwellers in tenement houses, but it has been a great ice-yachting season. They have never before had such a spell of perfect ice on the Shrewsbury

yachtsmen congregate. This picture shows one of the fastest yachts speeding along with merely the keel of one runner touching the

Sixty miles an hour is slow going for a good boat

BEGIN YOUR GARDEN EARLY

"PLANT now," should be the instructions in your garden calendar. The ground will still be frozen and deep in snow, but planning should be started before a comfortable open fire, or, if you live in town, before a radiator during the precious hours when the janitor turns on the heat. Too many people neglect to plan their gardens until the soft spring air gets into their blood, but then it is too late. Take your catalogue early in hand and lay out imaginary rows that can be turned into real ones as soon as the ground breaks.

A paper and pencil and seed catalogue, says Charles A. Selden in *Everyman's Garden in Miniature* (Dodd, Mead & Company), are the only tools necessary. Begin by drawing your outer boundaries, or you will find your garden straying over other people's land.

Put plants of similar size and shape and those which require similar treatment in the same part of the garden. Do not forget to leave space

[illegible] egg-plants and peppers naturally go [illegible] sher in a separate group not far from the to[illegible]. Beets, turnips, carrots, and parsnips in the same section, the cabbage [illegible] cauliflower in another. Give the potatoes as much room as you can spare. Onions, for which you will put out sets without bothering with seed, deserve good room. If you do not love them now, pass the appetite. They are better for next winter's colds in the family heads than many grains of quinine.

The corn must be placed where its stalks will not chase the other inhabitants of sun, moisture, light and air.

Make generous allowance for the lettuce [illegible] ground and replanting on the old. Then draw a series of circles and mark them for the cucumber hills. To provide the dinner dessert give the melon patch all the space you can in your mid-winter paper plan. Then add a few more square feet to that, and, finally, leave a marginal strip for a strawberry bed.

THE LOVE-LETTERS OF A GENIUS

JOHN FISKE, the [illegible] scientist met Abby [illegible] in 1861, while he was still a stude[illegible] Harvard, and they were soon engaged. Looking back at the love letters which you received during your engagement, Madam, how do they compare with these extracts from the boy wonder, Fiske, to his fiancée? They are quoted in the new *Life of Fiske* by John Spencer Clark (Houghton, Mifflin Company).

Miss Brooks had given him a sketch of her educational training, and he [illegible] ments on it as follows:

I supposed you must have acquired a familiarity with French, and I am very glad to know that you have studied Latin and German. After all, my dear girl, you have hit upon those dialects which are most useful and most fraught with pleasure. I mean especially French and German, though I would not discourage the study of Latin for young ladies. I can't *talk* in any language but my own, but I read in French, German, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Latin, Greek, and Anglo-Saxon. Then, with hard study, I can decipher sentence by sentence, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Hebrew, Chaldee, and Sanskrit, and there are some few which I have dipped into without doing much other because they have little literature because I have no time for them [illegible] d, Gothic, Wallachian, and Provençal, Persian and Arabic I long to know, but I despair of ever having time to learn them.

He laid out a course of reading for her and checked her up on it from time to [illegible]

"Yes, read your Roman history next if you like. As a general rule it would be best to read Greek history first, but it is *always best* to read what we feel most in the mood for. Study can't be governed [illegible] what was or great event you have arrived. Any event or man mentioned at random will do, for I have them all tabulated in my mind.

Having read these love letters, Madam, perhaps you will be just as well content, after all, that you did not marry a genius.

THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO DON'T DISLIKE BATS

BATS have always been looked upon by civilized man as uncanny creatures of darkness and ill omen, but in the depths of the African Congo, where strange sorts abound, they are the native substitute for squab. Herbert Lang and James P. Chapin spent five years in the jungle. They traveled thousands of miles [illegible] foot, collecting specimens for the [illegible] seum. In the *Museum Journ*[illegible]

[illegible] and, while the large insectil[illegible] bats are the favorites. "The nat[illegible]ves [illegible] sider disagreeable odor an advantage, and fat flavors their palate. The bats make choice morsels spiked on a splinter of wood, singed and broiled over the fire, the bowels left in as a condiment, but pressed out [illegible] ur before serving. Meat and bones [illegible] light."

The hammer-headed bat shown up the picture is the strongest member of the family. The larynx of the adult male is as hard as bone, and occupies two thirds of his body cavity, crowding heart and lungs to obscure corners. The voca[illegible] e very broad, and he has air sacs [illegible] the sides of his head, which he can inflate like a bullfrog. This huge apparatus is solely for noise-making purposes. When a hammer-headed ba[illegible] in full blast, the detonation of a g[illegible] will not disturb him[illegible] [illegible] sunset to sunrise for you enjoy [illegible] females, supposedly deaf.

"In their manner of feeding, these bats are equally interesting. Their teeth merely macerate the outside of fruits. The [illegible] dened ruffles on the nose probably are used

The face of the hammer-headed bat is complicated if not beautiful

[illegible] in the manner of a pig's snout, to loosen the pulp inside the fruit. The tongue, in[illegible] [illegible] and in its upper parts the channels rea[illegible] as far back as the ear. These and the li[illegible] function evidently as muscular pouches [illegible] it the pulp of the fruits. The [illegible] is so narrow that only juices

A BLIZZARD SAVED HIS LIFE

WHEN Edward Livingston Trudeau was twenty-five, he went to [illegible] and condemned to die in six mo[illegible] [illegible] decided to spend the winter in the woods. His physicians considered this a suicidal mania, but his wife backed him up, and they lived in the open. Gradually his health came back. He was soon traveling forty miles a day in all weather to visit the native mountain people.

It is said," relates Harry H. Moore in *The Youth and the Nation* (Macmillan Company), "that a local boxing champion once chased the doctor to put on the gloves with him.

'I promise not to hurt ye,' he said.

'When the champion picked himself up at the end of the bout, he said that the 'doctor's the quickest thing with mitts I ever run up against.'

For years after Doctor Trudeau left New York he was still much alive, and had gathered around him a few tuberculous patients who had come to him as a last hope. With tremendous labor and devotion, he fought through the prejudice against fresh air as a treatment for disease, and built [illegible] Cottage. He took no salary. I[illegible] earned a small [illegible] fruit [illegible] ness.

All the money he could beg went into sanatorium, and finally he was able to take care of poor people who could pay only part of their [illegible] penses.

The fame of his institution spread and other sanatoriums sprang up. To-day there are more than five hundred throughout the United States and Canada using his methods of [illegible]

WAR TIME ECONOMIES

The new golf course at Palm Beach, just opened, cost $500,000 to lay ... This picture shows Walter Travis christening the third hole.

ARE THE OLD WAYS BEST?

T[illegible] an old country do so at their peril. In China, for example, the appearance of youths and maidens ro-

[illegible]ated by members of the old school

[illegible]ntal flowing robes and wearing [illegible] tortoise-shell glasses, chanced upon a student walking arm in arm with one of the modern college young women, says J. S. Burgess, writing in the *Survey*.

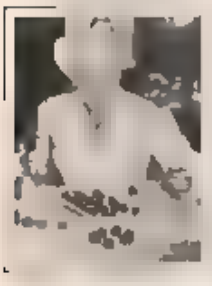
"The old scholar made straight for the

I am taking this unusual method to protest against the breakdown of ancient and sacred customs which this couple, walking arm in arm in this public place, represent

[illegible]ublic—would not have been tolerated for a minute. Right in this sort of action is the cause of the present terrible weak-

[illegible]

GOOD BY BUGS



Here is one of [illegible]'s best recipes. Make [illegible]

BLONDS ARE NATURAL FIGHTERS

A[illegible] you a blond? If so, you are prob-

[illegible]pperate. You fearless, and

Dr. [illegible]

race of men have evolved in the rigorous climates of the North, and in them the qualities dominated that make for survival.

[illegible]chnological survey of the population of Norway brands as a class "abhor war, and are very religious, subscribing to foreign missions nearly three times as much per head as is furnished by fair people. The fair people value money and all that money can buy, while the dark

dark population is by no means behind

ON THE BIRTH OF A SON

(A Chinese Poem Written in the Eleventh Century)

F[illegible]

ARE YOU EYE MINDED OR EAR MINDED?

W[illegible] NEVER you think, imagine, [illegible]minded, here is a simple test invented by

There are people who, when they study,

WHAT MARK TWAIN SAID ABOUT HIS OWN PLAY

O[illegible]NCE Augustin Daly produced a [illegible] in places—that it would have taken a

[illegible] a quarrel in Joseph Francis Daly's life of his brother (Macmillan Company).

genius and invention—and [illegible] When the authors wrote it th[illegible]

play was all done we found that we had

young we have introduced a game of unpardonably neglected in this country as poker. The upper class know very little of the game, but the ignorance of the people at large is fearful. Why, I have known clergymen, good men, kind, liberal, sincere and all that, who did not know the meaning of a flush. It is enough to make one ashamed of one's species.

When our play was finished, we found it was so long and so broad and so deep—that was so much improved by being cut down; and I believe it would have been

WHEN STEAK IS EIGHTEEN CENTS

TWENTY dollars and a half a month budget for a beautiful and artistic house and two servants—this is Japan. Raymond M. Weaver tells startling and interesting [illegible] housekeeping in Japan. Most [illegible] fitting, the article is about Mr. [illegible]

Matsu San agreed to cook for me dollars and a half a month" (this [illegible] Hirasukacho; this [illegible] of a more subordinate unessentia[illegible] eighteen cents a dozen, and the [illegible] gance of paying eighteen cents a [illegible] women until she got delicious oysters at five cents a quart. For roasting chickens she never paid more than fifty cents a piece. For making vegetable soup she used to [illegible] a fresh shin-bone for two and a half cents. When she wanted to [illegible] she fed me on pheasant, snipe, wild [illegible] and lobster."

DON'T BE A NERVOUS PARENT

B[illegible] nervousness; but if they are [illegible]non, the excessive carrying, swagging,

[illegible] products of cakes and choco-

In San Francisco

By BERNADINE HILTY

A

nobody to spill to— But he left us

you ever lamped—all shoulders an' no

for him, an' gosh

Honey kid, I'a got some headlines in big

To-morrow we are off for de big

fight. We've him called into service."

Then I felt myself kinda sloppin' so I

down an' chewed the rag about things;

then he sed

"Honey kid, I guess there ain't much

them Germans, an' we ain't comin' back

till we do. I ain't no hand to

streak, we

I want you to

kin down wid them

I sot bawled like a bear I

he hunky when

Purty soon Sam slid

lap. We tried to kid a little—you know,

ain't at all

Mam's Land, an' you re reelin purty lone-

some, just touch this li'l' ring, an' your will

He kissed the li'l' ring—gosh! it was regular Francis X an' Mary Pickford stuff, only dis was the real thing; we was

Then Sam looked at the Big Ben an' sed, "Gosh, I gotta be goin', honey."

We walked over to the d

I stood an' watched him, but this rambleshackle palace ain't set on grounds so I could only see him goin' down the hall.

I AIN'T much fer size,—never weighed a hundred in my life, jist a li'l' tad,—but I've got to stick out my chest an' buck up. But before I git an fresh wid myself I'm goin' to have a good ol' bawl all to myself, an' I'm not goin' to leave none fer to-morrow. I'm gonna go down to de water early in de mornin, an' I mighe lamp 'em when they're sailin' away. None of de gang has never saw me bawl yet, an' they ain't a gonna

Gosh! I wisht them ol' fog-horns would stop blowin' they'd make any guy shaky

SALVAGE *By* Hugh Pendexter

T'E door of the old logging camp

stopped

crutch, limped forward, revolver in hand, and knocked aside the prop. The door opened with a crash, and a snow-covered figure sprawled in.

"Don't move, or I'll drill you!" warned

man lowered his weapon as he beheld

drawn face of a girl.

Stutler!" she unpa-

ntly repeated, rising.

"Sure," he mumbled. "Thought you

thought I was Kelly, the officer man."

from her back. "I'm Finch Manners' girl, Lizbeth. He calculated you'd be here."

Manners'

and he

"Had m

oom. Removing her

cooked,

just as I got here."

"The lamp will catch Kelly's eye," he protested. "Kelly

ain't out in a night like this. And I must

he hurried across the

halter tied up her sleeves.

"I'm hungry's a wolf. How old are you, Lizbeth?"

She found a rusty coffee-pot, filled it with snow at the door, and placed

in the worst blizzard of the winter

pack grub to you," she replied finally

HE fell to admiring her lithe movements as she sliced bacon into a tin

stained a deep brown, but her arms

from a packing-box, she could feel gaze following her

To break the silence told him

sure Kelly nger back of him't scare

"I know the woods. If I'd broken my

along with

in wondering just how good a gu are," he slowly replied, leaning from

as she savagely warned

"Too good fur you, Jim Stutler. Don't

ness from Stutler the smuggler."

"Wild enough not to stand

father's partner."

She glided close to the bunk, trembling

you. That lets me out. Father's mixed up with you because he happens to live on the

"It's already brought bloodshed on you. It ain't your fault the man at the Forks isn't dead."

"Now, now! Didn't he me at me with a gun? If

edge of the bunk. He read her agitated thoughts

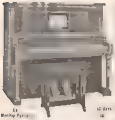
into it Kelly suspects, but can't prove nothing

help your gang

His peculiar smile made

"My promise holds. The bacon's burning," he said roughly.

She sprang to the stove, and as she turned the bacon stealthily glanced back at him.



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DEAFNESS IS MISERY

OLD MONEY WANTED

He had shot a man—which was very wrong. But he had only wounded him. He looked much younger with his features in repose; and the mothering ... of her. As she was studying him his eyes flew open, ... advised her harshly.

... one and tell me about yourself. Don't fetch the knife. Use this." And he tossed the revolver to the head of the bunk.

"I ain't afraid—now," she said, sitting beside him and brushing the weapon away. "I haven't anything to tell. Woods, lumber-jacks, winters schooling at the ...ks."

"And I can't talk about myself." He smiled grimly. "That leaves us books. ..."

"Only The Little Minister. I've read that many times. Think of living where ..."

... are doing."

"No, no. You're a child, aren't you?" Dimples came and went.

"... twenty-one; I feel much older ... they always do at twenty-one. ... you ever like a bad man? One ... than I am?"

... at him wistfully as she ...

"If a bad man made me like him, it would be the wickedest thing he ever did, wouldn't it?"

There was a world of appeal and weakness in her question. He muttered something under his breath, and she suddenly ...

"You can't be real bad. Just made mistakes."

He smiled curiously, and brusquely asked:

"What about to-night?"

... he eased blankly.

... going home ...

"I'll mend it. I must be going now." And she began to splice the broken frame ... strip of rawhide.

"You can't fix it. Take this bunk, and I'll move down the room. You can have the gun."

"I must go. I can mend it if you'll hold the pieces together."

He caught the fragrant aroma of her ... served both her hand ... a few ...

"You are not helping me," she whispered.

He dropped her hands, and she timidly ventured:

"What do you care if I like you, or ...?"

"I don't know. Perhaps because you're so much of a kid and a woman all mixed in ... That shoe's past mending. ..."

... red past him to ... her by the wrist. She ... e, only softly reminded:

"Three miles of mighty hard footing. I want to go home."

"Then, in God's mercy, go!" he hoarsely cried, flinging her from him. "My shoes ..."

... he red marks on her wrist, ... ward his shoes. They were too big, but she managed to tighten the ... hat they held her small feet, and ... umping toward the door when it ... th a crash, and a tall ... ng revolver, entered.

His wild gaze ranged the room ... in the girl. ... kicked off his shoes.

..." she gasped. ...

... alone."

"Not quite alone," broke in a metallic ...

THE newcomer pivoted, and beheld a man rising from what he had supposed to be an empty bunk. He leveled his gun and fired.

The man in the bunk came to the floor on his knees as the newcomer ... and missed. ... grotesque heap. The other leaned on the bunk and crawled to his feet, his left arm hanging helpless.

"Why, you've killed him!" babbled the girl.

"He's a murderer. The man he shot at the Forks died."

"I don't understand," sobbed the girl.

"It's rather muddled," admitted the man on the bunk. "There's evil in ... who think they are decent. There's good ... That man on the floor ...

... your father's an honest man. Send him to me at once."

With a grimace of pain, he apologized:

"Last shot got me too. Maybe, sometime, you'll think you can like a man like ..."

Who is He?

HE is the largest retail merchant in the world.

He owns the tallest building in the world.

He employs more people than any other one man in the world.

... a small New York ... New York ... here.

... ing $10 a week. He thought ... enough to get married on, and ...

The idea had come to him that a store which sold all its articles for five cents might be profitable. His wife approved ... idea and together they schemed and ...

... in 1879, the first five-cent store was opened, in Utica, New York. It prospered. In 1876, when he was worth perhaps $2,000, he opened six such stores. Three of them failed, but he made so much on the others that the ... In 1886 he decided to try his luck in New York City.

Until this time ... New York ... fifty-story skyscraper bears ... name. 75,000 people work for him ... in all parts of ...

The time your Nerves need real help

WITH work unfinished, strength all gone and nerves pleading for help—you realize that something must be done.

If you only could help your nerves the way nature would, if she had the chance. And you can. Give them a natural food-tonic such as Sanatogen.

For the experience of physicians has proven that Sanatogen supplies just what the nervous system needs, pure protein of milk combined with organic phosphorus. Being in concentrated form it not only nourishes the nerve cells, but repairs and rebuilds at the same time. One soon feels the uplifting effect of this wholesome food-tonic, because it is so readily and quickly assimilated even by the weakest system.

Not a vague promise, this, but a fact founded on what is actually happening day by day in thousands of cases.

... the professional man ... housewife—all find in Sanatogen that source of new strength and vitality they so sorely need in these times of stress and over-activity. Many have testified to this in writing, among them

Sanatogen

MAULE'S SEEDS

Once Grown — Always Grown

insure success in your garden and growing power, a

THE MAULE SEED BOOK FREE

Send for it today

include 10c and we will send you a packet of specially selected pansy seeds a generous assortment of beautiful Giant pansies—the largest known.

Electric Washer or Vacuum Cleaner for 10 Cents a Day

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Leaving School at Fourteen

Concluded from page 5

Were plugging away in the factory, increasing their wages a few dollars each week, the other boys were spending their days and evenings over their school books, in many cases taking technical courses. But a strange thing happened when this second group entered the factory. Both groups were now the same age—eighteen. But the first year's earnings of the high-school boys were larger than the fourth year's earnings of those who had abandoned their books at the end of grammar school. The second group drew, on an average, $425 each, while the first, as already said, pocketed only $375.

As years went on the situation became even more discouraging. For the high-school boys began to go ahead at a more rapid rate than their old-time [illegible]. The fourteen-year-old class

$900 a year more than the less prosperous

And whereas the latter had reached their limit, the former had their greatest possibilities still ahead of them. Naturally the grammar-school boys contained some exceptional men who progressed beyond this average; yet the record shows that there were only two per cent who attained important positions.

The Brooklyn Teachers' Association investigated the salaries received by [illegible] of elementary schools and [illegible] who stopped school before graduation. "Of 292 boys from the elementary schools taken at random, the committee was able to trace 266 till they were about thirty years of age. At that time the aver-

year.

If the parents of these 266 boys had bought each of them an annuity equal to the extra $753 a year, which his education enabled him to earn, it would have cost $15,000 per boy. As the salaries of these boys will rise considerably until after they are thirty, while those of the illiterate laborers will not, it is obvious that this elementary education was worth more [illegible],000 capital safely invested for each boy.

Even the common [illegible] make up by going to night school did not compensate [illegible] New York, for the loss of a high-school training. High-school graduates invariably demonstrated greater earning capacity. This comparison is particularly valuable, since the boys who spend their evenings in night school naturally represent an intelligent and [illegible] and of natural aptitude a [illegible] informed by scientific training, had determined the question of success, they have made at least as good a showing as the high-school boys. But the sad fact is that they still not do as

employed in New York factories disclosed a similar state of affairs.

The department proves the same thing from the experience of Springfield, Massachusetts. In Geneva, Wisconsin, Minneapolis, Tompkins County, New York, and four selected agricultural areas in Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa—everywhere the lesson is the same. Every day after [illegible] been spent in school has a distinct, calculable money value. The experience of Johnson County, Missouri, strikes a body [illegible] ow at one of the most cherished [illegible] little red school-house can not compa[illegible] with the high schools of the agricultural colleges.

The better educated farmers operated [illegible] cent more land than graduates [illegible] et schools and owned four fifths [illegible] very large part in [illegible] capacity.

Clearly, it does not pay to leave school at fourteen, whatever occupation you choose to follow. But this investigation of the education department has a greater surprise still. This is, that the graduate of an American college is not necessarily predestined to failure, even from a financial point of view. "Four years at college is all right if you've got the time," the efficient business man says, "but it will not help you to get ahead." That four years is a waste of [illegible] ne. If you spend it lea[illegible] instead of studying Latin [illegible] fact, few colle[illegible] who get [illegible] apparently has disproved the business [illegible] argument by calling that same business man as a witness, and judging success according to his own standard. He says: "Business Men, to whom do you the higher salaries—to the college graduates in your employ or to the non-college graduates?" And the record shows that the Bachelors of Arts draw the bul[illegible] pay envelope. The salaries of Princeton graduates for the first year amount to $[illegible] for the next to $1039.42, and for the third to $1804. The Yale man averages $1040 after five years out of college.

Everybody knows that the average uneducated man does not earn an income of this size, whatever individual cases of [illegible] eater financial success there may be. The whole report shows, indeed, that education brings a higher financial return the higher it goes. The graduates of grammar schools earn more than those boys and [illegible] elementary grades, and the college graduates earn more than high-school students.

"The educated mind," the report concludes, "is the greatest producing agency in the world, without which fertile soil, timbered land, and mineral deposits are but so much useless material."

This is Her Week

SHE was the Kaiser's [illegible] and if history has not lied she was as good as she was beautiful. She lived in the troublous days of Napoleon's attempted dominion of Europe, and saw her own country ground beneath the Man[illegible]

Queen Louise of Iowa born March [illegible] She came from a long line of Hanoverian princes, and in 1793 was married [illegible] afterward Frederick [illegible]

man is a monster, and said, "who imagines him[illegible] a god, there is no place [illegible] civilization for such as he."

One wonders what this good queen's sentiments would have been could she have looked ahead [illegible] hundred and ten years and beheld the similar delusion of her great-grandson.

She rode into the field with her soldiers and urged them to defend their country against the conquering Frenchman.

"Get the Queen of Prussia," Napoleon cried to Lens; "for the love felt for her by her nation is all that lies between me and the dominion of t[illegible]."

Later, after he h[illegible] traced the initial N on Frederick the Great's dusty coffin, and marched in triumph through the city, he forced his way into the private apartments of the Queen. He was curious to talk with the woman whose courage had so nearly brought about the defeat of his Prussian campaign. Undaunted, she stood before him and denounced him to his face.

"You will have a desserter," said Queen Louise. "You can never do what you hope to do. It is not in one man's power. Furthermore, it is my belief that your punishment will be commensurate w[illegible] licensed audacity. [illegible] these were your great-grandmother's words, O William!) [illegible] ter Napoleon said [illegible]

"She was the most admirable, the most beautiful, the most interesting woman I have ever [illegible]."

During the long days of poverty that followed for Germany the gold dinner service of Frederick the Great was sent to the [illegible] to be coined into money, and the Queen of Prussia parted with her the barest necessities of life along with her poorest subject.

The estate of Frederick William III and Queen Louise at this time was even [illegible] hetic than that of the King and Queen of Belgium to-day.

The Queen had but two gowns—a day gown and a court dress; nor would she purchase any other until she knew that better times were in store for her country.

Louise was a queenly queen and Frederick William was a kingly k[illegible] when a count and a shoema[illegible] announced at the same time at court, Louise gave orders that the shoemaker be received first. "The mechanic's time is more valuable," she said.

It was in ways [illegible] queen sought to make her country safe for democracy. Alas, alas!

She Reached for Fifty Cents and Picked up $100

ALTHOUGH I had a good position, I had never been able to save until our bank offered to add fifty cents to each savings account that remained with it for a year. I deposited $2, and went home h[illegible]

[illegible] o with[illegible]. My first temptation was a pair of shoes. I was nearly through the store door when I thought of my savings account, and also of an old pair of shoes at home. So I backed out of the store, stopped in for the [illegible] charged me $1.05 for new heels and soles and polish, and after subtracting that sum the $5 the new shoes would [illegible] bank. Then I felt rich.

I began walking to work, and won ten cents a day for my bank. Sixty cents a week seemed worth saving, and besides felt better for the exercise. Now, I passed by all the moving-picture shows except those [illegible] me about fifty cents a week. I found [illegible] other ways to save.

With a growing bank account I began to feel independent. I could buy really good clothes sometimes, and see the best plays occasionally.

At the end of the year I had a little [illegible] he bank, and after [illegible] me New England" on my own [illegible] on I still had a nice little nest-egg left. Having acquired the saving habit, I started other accounts, and before long I had money in the savings departments of four banks. And it all started w[illegible]

Introducing the Doll Library

Photograph from Underwood Photo Co.

WHEN teacher wants to get the facts about the Puritan fathers to stick in the mind of Willie and Susie, or to show the class just how John Alden looked that day when Priscilla made her leap-year hint, she goes to the library and borrows a doll all dressed up in the clothes of the period. That is, she does if she is fortunate enough to live in Newark, New Jersey, where they have a circulating doll department in the public library and you can take out a doll just as you do a book.

John Cotton Dana, director of the Newark Museum Association, is father of the idea. His dolls represent every period in our history and most of the nations of the world.

Camera Joe—*Continued from page 10*

didn't know me when I said "Good morning" and touched my hat to her. And I was a little pleased, although there had been an accident—pleased because I had helped Camera Joe to find the camera with which he had taken the picture of Ferret at Keepsake Pond.

MR. GRISWOLD, the counter clerk, was angry when I reached the hotel. He asked me why I had not returned with Gannon and Herbert; so I explained how I had walked up the hill to help Camera Joe find his camera.

"He had just taken a picture of the freight as it came down the grade," I said, "and he dropped his camera when the crash took place."

Mr. Griswold grumbled a little, and I went about my work. But an hour later Herbert came to the counter and said that Mr. Habway wished to see me in his private writing-room on the first floor.

I thought Mr. Griswold had complained about me, and I was a little down-hearted as I went up; but the moment I saw Mr. Habway I knew it was for something else that he wanted me.

"Well, Tommy," he said, "that was a bad accident to-day."

"Yes, sir," I said.

There was a little silence then, as Mr. Habway lighted his cigar.

"You're a friend of Camera Joe, are you not?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Do you know where to find him now?"

"Not exactly, sir," I answered. "I left him on the hill going up towards Red Mountain."

"Do you think you could locate him if I sent you after him?"

"I might, sir," I said.

"Well, you go and get him and bring him here," he ordered. "And, Tommy, you tell Joe that it is to his advantage to come here. Do you understand?"

I said, "Yes, sir," and went out.

I had a belief that Camera Joe would walk out to the Willow Brook and sit there in the shade; so I went out there before hunting anywhere else for him. It was nice and cool and quiet there, but I couldn't find Joe. I walked along the brook from the bridge clear down to the meadow below Sven Ailer's farm, and just as I was about to turn back I heard Camera Joe's voice. He was sitting beneath a tree, and he was talking softly.

"You wouldn't leave me," he was saying. "Father gave you to me, and he said you were the only thing that could beat the great god Change."

When I called out to him, he jumped up, a little startled; but when I told him Mr. Ebenezer Habway wished to see him, his face got white again, like it did in the yard at the depot when I asked him what had happened to his camera.

"What does he want me for, Tommy?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said. "He told me to find you and bring you to the hotel, and he said it would be to your advantage."

"Tommy," said Joe, walking up close to me and looking straight into my face, "you didn't tell him about that picture of him I took when the trout got off the hook?"

"No, no, Joe!" I cried. "I never told him."

"He'd be mad if he knew of that, Tommy," he said. "I never showed it to any one but you. But it's him. It's his soul in flashings; that's what it is."

He took about a dozen pictures from his inside pocket, pictures that he did not let everybody see, and he shuffled them, looking for Mr. Habway's picture. I saw them as he ran through them. There was a picture of old Mrs. Slocum's blind daughter Lizzie, a picture of a bird's nest with four little birds in it, a picture of old Bill Chubb and his nine sheep, all strung out one after the other; and there was the snapshot of Mr. Habway.

"Look at it again, Tommy," he said. "I'm going to tear it up before I go with you. It's a wonderful picture, but I wouldn't go and see Habway with it in my pocket."

He tore it into little pieces and flung the bits into the pool. Then he picked up his camera and said:

"I'm ready, Tommy. I don't know what he wants with me, but I'm going with you."

WE talked about a lot of things on the way back to the hotel, mostly of pictures that Joe had taken and of places he had seen in his walks. When we got to the top of Main Street, we met a crowd of men who were walking along, with Mary Grant in the center. She had just come from the jail, and the men were mostly railway men who wanted to know what Will had said. Joe and I walked on the outskirts of the little crowd, and we could catch a remark or two as the men close to Mary repeated what she said to others on the fringe.

"Will Grant says the signal was down," a man cried out. "He's certain of it!"

"No; the fireman was stoking," said another. "He didn't see it. It's just Will's word."

"It's a manslaughter charge," said another.

Mr. Griswold, standing at the door of the hotel, saw us and beckoned to us to hurry; and it was Mr. Griswold who led us up to Mr. Habway's sitting-room.

Mr. Habway was wetting another big cigar as we came into the room, and after he nodded to Joe he turned to me and said:

"You can go down-stairs, Tommy. I'll talk to Joe alone."

I stepped towards the door; but Camera Joe rushed after me and clutched my hand.

"Tommy is going to stay here with me," he said.

"Why?" asked Mr. Habway.

"Because he's my friend," said Joe, "and I want him to be here. If Tommy goes away, I'll go too."

Mr. Habway was silent for a moment, looking at us both; then he said: "Stay here, Tommy. There isn't anything that you can't hear."

Camera Joe walked slowly up to the desk where Mr. Habway was sitting.

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You know his salary.
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"What do you want me for?" he asked.

"Nothing much," said Mr. Habway. "You were standing at the turn when the freight went down this morning, I believe."

"Yes, I was," answered Camera Joe.

"And you took a picture of the freight as it came out of the tunnel?"

"Yes, I did," said Joe.

"Where's the picture?"

"Here in the camera. I haven't taken out the roll."

"I'll give you twenty dollars for it," said Mr. Habway, leaning forward.

"I don't want to sell it," stammered Joe.

"I'll give you a hundred!"

"No, no; it's only a picture. I don't sell my pictures. I give them away."

Mr. Habway got on his feet and came around the desk, pulling out his big black wallet as he came. There was always something terrifying about Mr. Habway's wallet, and I watched it with fascinated eyes as he approached Camera Joe. The thing yawned at his touch, and hundred-dollar bills dropped into his hand. A curious sort of terror gripped me, and I watched without being able to move a limb.

"I'll give five hundred for it!" cried Mr. Habway, and the wallet dropped the five bills into his hand so that he could wave them fanwise before the eyes of Camera Joe. Joe wiped his face with his hand as if trying to wipe away cobwebs that obscured his sight, and he looked at me with a pleading sort of look, as if he expected me to come forward and tell him what to do.

I THINK Mr. Habway made a mistake just then. He was so anxious to get that picture that his anxiety acted as a spur to Camera Joe's mind. Joe's brain was struggling hard for a reason; and, while it was struggling, Mr. Habway spurred it on by doubling his offer again.

"A thousand dollars!" he cried. "Here it is in your hand! I'll give you a thousand— Why, what's up?"

Camera Joe had started to laugh, and Mr. Habway stared at him as if he was a madman. And I stared at him, too. It was a strange laugh—a laugh that told of some great relief that had come to him.

"Why—why—" he began. Then he stopped and looked at Mr. Habway—looked at him in a manner that surprised me. I had never seen Camera Joe look at any one like that before.

Mr. Habway dropped a hundred-dollar bill on the floor, stooped, and picked it up. Joe's eyes were on him all the time, and I thought that something had come suddenly into his mind—something that was wonderfully illuminating and strengthening, something that made my mind spring back over the years to feast again upon Aunt Maria Metham's remark about Joe being a worthless fellow who wouldn't improve my morals.

Mr. Ebenezer Habway saw that look, and he tried to kill it.

"Five thousand!" he cried. "I'll pay you five thousand dollars for that picture before you leave this room!"

Camera Joe spoke then.

"I knew it!" he cried. "I knew it! I saw your soul in fleshings once when you missed a trout out at Beaver Brook!"

He pointed a finger at Mr. Ebenezer Habway, and Mr. Habway moved back from him as if he was afraid that Joe had a lens on the end of his finger and that he was photographing him and the fat black wallet and the hundred-dollar bills.

"Five thousand!" he repeated. "Are you going to take it?"

"No, I'm not!" cried Camera Joe. "I wouldn't take fifty thousand for it! Do you hear? Fifty thousand!"

Mr. Habway made a sudden jump back to the door, and opened it quickly. He sprang through into the hall, holding the knob in his hand.

"You'll give it before you leave here!" he cried. "You dirty hobo! I'll get the police to take it from you and run you out of town."

He slammed the door and we heard the key turn in the lock. He had evidently forgotten me, and I stood and looked at Camera Joe.

Joe was standing up erect, his eyes flashing, his lips drawn tight together, and he looked better at that moment than I had ever seen him before.

"Quick, Tommy!" he said. "Help me for just a minute."

He turned and ran through Mr. Habway's bedroom into the bath-room on the other side, and when I got into the bath-room he shut the door and locked it.

"Pull down that blind, Tommy, and darken the window!" he cried. And, as I did what he told me to do, I heard him fumbling round with little bottles that he always carried in his pockets. He lit a tiny red lantern about the size of my thumb, and then I understood what he was doing. He was developing the photograph he had taken of Will Grant's train as it came out of the tunnel, the photograph Mr. Habway had offered him five thousand dollars for.

SOME one knocked at the bath-room door, but Camera Joe went on with his work undisturbed. The person outside started to kick at the door. Then Mr. Habway's voice came through to us.

"Go and get the police," we heard him say. "I'll have them both arrested."

I was trembling then. My brain was all upside down, and I watched Camera Joe without really understanding what it was all about.

Then, after a long wait, Joe gave a little cry and pulled me towards him. He took a length of film out of the dish of developing fluid, and held it up for a moment before the little red lamp.

"Look, Tommy!" he cried. "*Look!*"

I had never seen a film before, but it was all plain to me. I saw the train coming out of the tunnel, the plume of smoke showing dark on the film. I saw Red Mountain behind the train. And then, right by the side of the engine, I saw the signal about which there was so much argument that morning. And then, for the first time, I understood. Will Grant was right and Harry Pritchard had lied. The semaphore arm was down, showing clearly on the film—down and tucked right to the side of the pole, to show the engineer that everything was clear!

"Tommy," said Camera Joe, "I want you to take this film, drop through the bath-room window on to the roof of Cushman's saddlery, and run with it full speed to Mary Grant's house. Tell her what it is and say that I sent it to her with my compliments. That's all. Are you ready?"

There was loud talking outside the door then, and Lawrence, the policeman, called out to Camera Joe to open the door.

"Easy," said Joe, as he helped me through the window. "Easy, Tommy! That film is precious. Slow, boy, slow! Now you're right. Good-by, Tommy; you're a good boy."

THIS is about all there is to tell. Will Grant was liberated, and when he came out of jail he took the pledge, and he has kept it ever since. Mr. Griswold dismissed me the moment I came back to the hotel, and Camera Joe was so terrified by Lawrence, the policeman, that he took his camera and went off one morning down the big white road that led to the city. I walked with him for about two miles.

I have never heard from him since that morning. Some months back I met a man who told me that a photographer named Joseph Lennington—which was Camera Joe's real name—had invented a color process that was going to make him famous. I'm wondering if it's my Joseph Lennington. If it is, I hope he reads this story and writes me here, care of Hartley, the grocer, for whom I'm now working.

And I hope Aunt Maria Metham reads the tale. I can picture Aunt Maria letting five thousand dollars slip through her fingers like Camera Joe did on that afternoon when, half starving and penniless, he refused Mr. Ebenezer Habway's bribe. Yes; I wish Aunt Maria sees this tale.

THE EDITOR ANSWERS

WHEN I paid my bill in the hotel in Washington, a few weeks ago, the clerk looked at my name on the card, looked at me, and then pushed out his hand through the iron grating.

"Why, we read your stuff at our house every week," he said.

It made me feel good all the way up to New York. I have dreamed of fame; but never in my wildest dreams had it ever occurred to me that some day I might be recognized and greeted as an equal by a haughty hotel clerk.

Men, Be Considerate

Dear Editor:

We women are doing our best to take on our shoulders just as much of the war load as possible, not only in the lonely empty homes, but also down-town. My employer, like every other one, is short-handed now, and more important work than ever comes to me as his secretary for attention. And it does rouse my wrath (and I believe "righteous wrath," too), when answering his telephone calls, to have rude masculine voices growl: "Isn't there a *man* there who *knows* something?"

Can't you speak a word to these members of your sex? E. M., *Kansas City.*

Consider that word spoken, E. M. This war is going to be won by the side whose forbearance and sense of humor lasts longest. Some men act as if the war were already lost.

Secretary Baker, Please Note

Dear Sir:

The best feature running in any magazine is the legends on your four photographic pages. Please don't get sick or let them send you to war or anything: we really need that service.

C. J. L., *Salem, Oregon.*

From an English Officer Over There

Dear Sir:

You may be interested in this extract from a letter written by the English officer to whom I send my EVERY WEEK after we have read it:

"The number of EVERY WEEK with the last instalment of 'The Sport of Kings' arrived while I was on leave, and was immediately burst open by Brown, my senior subaltern, and fought for by the remaining members of this mess. Every number means a fight to determine who is to have it first."

M. V. W., *Beverly, N. J.*

We are sorry to be the cause of additional bloodshed in France. Maybe some of our readers will mail their copies to the British front: it's painful to think of the whole British army waiting in line to read one copy of this magazine.

We Should Have Started Sooner

Dear Sir:

I want to thank you for EVERY WEEK as a magazine, but more especially for the spicy yet helpful bits of comment that fill its pages. I would that such kindly humor had found its way to the puritanical home where I was reared; but that could not be, for there "weren't none." T. L. M., Jr., *Washington.*

Recently a British major said to me: "I refuse to have anything to do with the serious side of this war. The serious side is munitions and ships and food—let some one else worry about that. My job is to keep my men laughing. As long as we can laugh, believe me, Fritz hasn't a chance."

Wait Until the First One is Sold

Dear Sir:

I follow your editorials from week to week, and have re-read them in "More Power to You." I hope you will have another book of them published. C. J. L., *St. Paul.*

Not so fast, C. J. L. We have yet a few copies of the first book to work off on the patient public. Which reminds us, since you raise the point, that a dollar will bring one of those copies post-paid to any address in the United States. And, as we are to have a nice article about Mr. McAdoo soon, we think the least he can do is to send our book through on a priority order.

Attention, Wives!

Dear Sir:

First let me tell you that you brought this on yourself by deliberately advertising that you like to get letters—and previously by saying that wives should receive an income.

What I want to know is, who pays that income? And what is it paid for?

I am a wife, so you see I am interested.

I see readily enough that if a wife does her housework as she is ordinarily expected to do, it is fair that she should get some return for her labor; but the man whose wife does her housework is usually not financially able to pay her what the work is worth. And also, if she is being paid for the work, she ought to do it well enough to deserve such pay—which ordinarily she does not.

Perhaps you think that just her presence in the home is worth pay. Oh, Mr. Barton, I know a number of wives whose husbands would pay them to vacate their homes.

What you really meant—was it not?—was that a woman should have the same financial independence that a man has: a business, in other words—housekeeping if she likes it, but not necessarily. Why not come right out and say so? I'll be witness for you that it works—and I gave the old scheme a try-out for six years, too! M. D., *Boston.*

You said it, M. D. A woman has the same right to a career as a man. If she chooses to make the keeping of a house and the raising of children her profession,—which most of them do,—then let her take a professional pride in doing that as well as it can be done. And let it be recognized that there is no higher profession in the world; and that it—like every other profession—ought to carry with it a certain financial independence—a certain part of the common income which is hers not because *he* gives it to her, but because she has earned it.

You Almost Encourage Us to Go to a Dime

Dear Sir:

Before I close, let me remark that five cents the week for EVERY WEEK is all right. Been worth that the long time. Keep it up. A few here in Oskaloosa, Mahaska County, Iowa, are helping you five cents' worth weekly to make the thing go. And there will be more.

A. C., *Oskaloosa, Iowa.*

Incidentally we may remark that we are having a terrible struggle with the railroads to get the magazine anywhere on time. But, when it does arrive, there seem to be quite a few more people waiting with a nickel than we use to find with three cents.

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